Week ending April 6 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

How can I save gas?

Question: Is there any way I can save gas?

Answer: By using as little as possible as efficiently as possible. Start off by never using bed-room fires unless you have illness in the house.

Q. That sounds rather a chilly prospect, but if it means a great saving it must be done. What else?

A. Well, during cold weather gas demands are extremely heavy from people who depend on gas fires only. So when you have a coal fire going in the house, do not use gas as well.

Q. And if I only have gas fires in the house, what then?

A. Then turn them on *only* when they are needed and turn them down as soon as the room is warm. A warm room can be kept warm with the fire half on.

Q. You haven't mentioned cooking?

A. There are several ways of saving gas when you are cooking. Use the small rings. Never let gas flare round the sides of saucepans and kettles. Frying takes less gas than grilling. If you must grill, use the heat above for a kettle or saucepan. Cook vegetables in a minimum quantity of water. Keep lids on saucepans to prevent loss of heat. Always cook more than one dish in the oven—plan cooking to-day to save gas to-morrow.

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power

HOW TO BE LUCKY IN LOVE

Why is one girl ignored—another admired? The secret so often lies in a complexion of *natural* beauty. This loveliness can be *yours*—thanks to Mousse of Cream, the amazing patented ingredient contained only in Poudre Tokalon. It hides tiny blemishes, giving you a new radiant beauty which stays fresh and matt for hours.

In five heart-disturbing shades
Rose Peach, Rachel, Peach, Brunette and Natural.

Poudre TOKALON
FOR LONGER-LASTING LOVELINESS

"WHICH FOODS DO WHAT?"—No. 2

here's a good helping!

. . . u-u-M! And how good it tastes! Not much meat in it these days of course, but plenty of beans to make up for that—vegetables—and that special touch you know so well how to give. The point is that this combination of meat and beans gives you a useful hint on making it easy to get good helpings of real body-building nourishment into the week's meals.

GETTING THE RIGHT "BUILD-UP"

Take a look at the list of body-building foods given below. The First-Class ones are the most important, and you should try to get one or other of them into your three main meals *every day* because your system gets the best out of builders when you eat them "little and often." A hearty portion one day and a skimped one the next doesn't do you so much good. But you may not have enough of the First-Class builders to spread them evenly through the week. Here's where the Second-Class builders come in. Taken by themselves they are not such good builders but team any of them up with any foods in the First-Class and you get the right "build-up."

EASY TO WORK OUT

Just think of everyday things like the milk with the porridge, the bacon with the beans, the cheese in the macaroni-cheese, and you get the right idea! So, when you're in a difficulty, use a little First-Class builder, help it out with the other kind, and you won't go short of nourishment.

Join the crusade against waste of bread. We must not waste while others want.

THE BODY-BUILDING FOODS

1ST CLASS MEAT of all kinds tinned or fresh, FISH tinned or fresh, MILK dried or fresh, CHEESE, EGGS shell or dried.

2ND CLASS BEANS, PEAS, LENTILS, FLOUR AND BREAD, OATS, SOYA. *Don't use these alone for main meals, but at the same meal with any in the 1st Class list.*

(S141) ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

Ask your repairer to fit

GOODYEAR SOLES & HEELS

They give longer wear, more comfort, and preserve the appearance of your shoes.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS GOODYEAR TYRE

After-meal ACIDITY?

Oh! What a pain!

Suck 2 Rennies—then you'll see

You'll feel fine again!

Are you determined to be a martyr? Because you don't have to suffer agonizing stomach pain. Instead, suck two Rennies, one after the other, just like sweets.

Digestif Rennies are individually wrapped tablets. You can carry them loose in your handbag. It doesn't matter where you are when the pain begins. You're ready for it. Rennies will neutralize the excess acid that's causing your pain in next to no time.

If Rennies don't shift your indigestion, it's high time you saw your doctor about it.

DIGESTIF RENNIES
25 FOR 7p (TAX INC.)

PERSONS

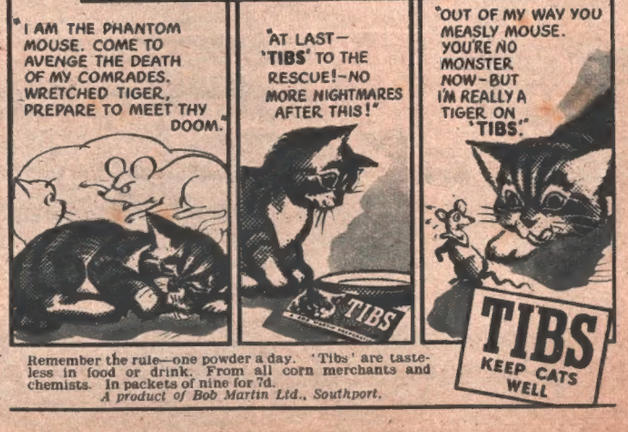
who hoard empty SDI mineral and squash bottles cannot expect full ones

SDI

Issued by The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Assn. Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor St., London, W.1. GVS-46

Ronuk Polishes

BIG BAD MOUSE


"I AM THE PHANTOM MOUSE. COME TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF MY COMRADES. WRETCHED TIGER, PREPARE TO MEET THY DOOM."
"AT LAST—'TIBS' TO THE RESCUE!—NO MORE NIGHTMARES AFTER THIS!"
"OUT OF MY WAY YOU MEASLY MOUSE. YOU'RE NO MONSTER NOW—BUT I'M REALLY A TIGER ON 'TIBS'."
TIBS
TIBS KEEP CATS WELL

Remember the rule—one powder a day. 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists. In packets of nine for 7d.

A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport.

CHARACTER— CAPACITY— CAPITAL

These are at the root of banking, and greatest among them is character.

Men and women of integrity and capability will always find the Bank ready to assist them. They are assured of a welcome and the sympathetic consideration of their proposals at more than 1800 branches of the Bank.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

LARGEST IN THE WORLD

HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY

ASSETS 135 MILLION POUNDS

Extracts from the Society's Statement of Accounts for the year ended January 31st, 1946

TOTAL ASSETS	£135,485,912
SHARE & DEPOSIT FUNDS	£127,733,813
MORTGAGE ASSETS	£82,044,386
MORTGAGE ADVANCES during year	£17,306,406
LIQUID FUNDS Trustee Securities together with Cash at Banks and in hand	£52,907,544
RESERVE FUNDS and undivided profit	£6,835,321

General Manager—F. E. WARBRECK HOWELL, LL.D.
Head Office—HALIFAX, Yorks. London Office HALIFAX HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM
Consult the Telephone directory for the address of your local Branch or Agency

Just a dab of COLMAN'S MUSTARD gives a meal more flavour

Who's going to do the dirty work?

Not you — if you're wise enough to plan *now* electrical improvements for your post-war home . . .

Whether you're hoping for a brand-new home, or having your present one repaired or reconstructed, Electricity can cut the dirt and drudgery of housework to a minimum. Why not make sure of all the comfort and cleanliness, all the added leisure, that Electricity can bring?

Go to your Electricity showrooms now. Talk things over with their experts, and see how they can help you in *your* little piece of reconstruction!

ELECTRICITY IMPROVES

HILLMAN MINX

For the motorist whose car is always in use

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

ACHILLE SERRE

Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus Retex

plus D.D.T MOTH PROOFING

MAY I SEND YOU MY D.D.T. LEAFLET?

K.10. ACHILLE SERRE, LONDON, E.17

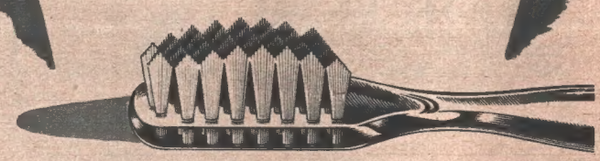
PER-FIG-LY DELICIOUS!

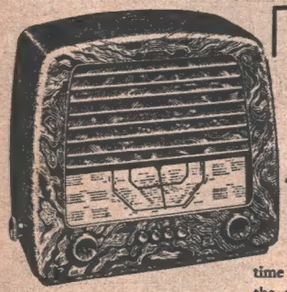
Once again in 1lb. Drums

Instead of being in some shops some of the time, the time is getting nearer when they will be in most shops most of the time. Meantime, they're short we're afraid but still being made.

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

Halex TOOTHBRUSHES stay springy longer





NOW IN PRODUCTION!

G.E.C. ALL-WAVE RADIO

THIS 5-VALVE ALL-WAVE SUPERHET receiver is the first of the G.E.C. peace-time productions . . . an entirely new set, bearing the stamp of G.E.C. quality and housed in a handsome plastic cabinet. Supplies at the moment are limited but every effort is being made to increase production. Available in both AC and AC/DC versions.

AC MODEL. Price £14.14 (*plus £3.3.3 purchase tax*)
AC/DC MODEL. Price £15.10 (*plus £3.6.8 purchase tax*)

G.E.C. RADIO & TELEVISION

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

DRUMMER DYES

Still lead the way for successful home dyeing

EDGES, BOLTON

CHANGE TO

COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM

FOR QUICKER SMOOTHER COOLER SHAVES

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off — like lightning without sting or burn! 1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

HARDER TO GET NOW—BUT WORTH IT WHEN YOU DO

ah! BISTO

IMPROVES ALL MEAT DISHES

When "Golden Shred" reappears upon the breakfast table you will know that The World's Best Marmalade is being made again Until then the Marmalade to buy is J.R.

James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.

I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT, TOM. NO FOOD COULD HELP THIS AWFUL CONSTIPATION

THIS FOOD WILL. YOU'LL SEE WHY WHEN I TELL YOU WHAT CAUSES CONSTIPATION

A crisp, delicious breakfast food that keeps you fit the natural way

YOU see, most foods we eat contain very little bulk. They get completely absorbed into the system during the digestive process, and the residue left behind is not bulky enough for the muscles to "take hold of." They cease to work, poison accumulates in the system, and you naturally feel out of sorts.

Doctors today recommend Kellogg's All-Bran, a *natural* bulk food. All-Bran is a crisp, delicious breakfast food that provides the muscles with the bulk they need to keep in working order. Eat All-Bran regularly for breakfast, drink plenty of fluid, and you'll be fit and energetic.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

3 points a packet, price 7½d.

FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD

POWDER

Makes delicious creamy custard

THESE TWO LITTLE BIRDS think it very unkind that Farrow's should come, and, before they have dined, take all the best peas and the ripe juicy plums, and leave them to beg for the stalest bread crumbs. But there, it is true, as they know in the nest, the peas canned by Farrow's are picked from the best.

FARROW'S FOR CHOICE

English Canned Fruits and Vegetables

Betty's a different girl

now she eats

QUAKER *Malted* **WHEAT FLAKES**

Crisp morsels with a delicious MALTED flavour and easily digested nourishment.

10 helpings. 5½d. 2 points

W.P. 32a

Their need for *Libby's* CANNED FOODS must still come first

But the world is getting into its peacetime stride once more and soon Libby's will be bringing you again delicious Californian Fruits and Asparagus, Evaporated Milk, Alaska Salmon. And of course, plenty of Homogenised Food for babies.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD

It's a meal in itself. Porridge is sustaining, body-building and thoroughly nutritious. *But the FLAVOUR alone* makes you greedy for the goodness in **Scott's** *porage* **Oats**

GROWN IN SCOTLAND — QUICKEST HOT BREAKFAST

Make no mistake — it MAKES the cake

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World 26

Is Princess Suvaparb Svasti right about Harley Street's supremacy?

TOO MUCH KHAKI

Mud for Ministers. Harley Street's supremacy. Boy favourite of millions. Man of twenty-five degrees. Bing Crosby's future. Soccer reforms

FEBRUARY AND MARCH FIGURES of Army demobilization will be a big disappointment to the boys.

Minister of Labour George Isaacs will be the first to say so. Though the main decision on "demob" rates rests with the Service departments, it is Isaacs who has to carry the Parliamentary baby.

Everything hinges on the Services' claims that they must have 1,900,000 people in uniform at midsummer.

Answers, Please!

If that midsummer figure were reduced to 1,400,000 it would be possible to keep up the winter rate of Army releases. As it is, the Army is going to bear an unfair share of occupation and other burdens in the next few months.

Questions must be asked—and answered. Naturally, it would be impossible to discuss all security aspects in public. But much more must be explained to the troops and the public to justify that gigantic 1,900,000 figure.

More than that, with Army releases now falling behind both the R.A.F. and the Navy, it is essential to know whether discussions are to take place between the three Services to use both R.A.F. and Navy in occupation and police duties.

Hamburg Example

In the German ports, our sailors do good work ashore in guarding dumps and patrolling. Why should their duties be restricted to the ports?

The soldier's complaint—that on age and service release he may come out of the Forces months after his comrade in the Navy who joined up at the same time—is unanswerable.

We believe the Cabinet has been impressed by this argument, made forcibly to it from many quarters. So the Army need not give up hope of better things to come than the present release programme.

Played-out Parades

COMPULSORY CHURCH PARADES, relic of an outdated Service discipline, are as good as dead. Three months ago we predicted that the Parliamentary Labour Party's Service Group would sign and seal the death warrant of this discredited hangover of the Boer War mind.

Now the three Service departments, and Mr. Attlee (as Minister of Defence), have sympathetically considered the matter.

Every shade of belief and unbelief—from devout Roman Catholics to atheists—were among the signatories to a Parliamentary motion asking for the end of the church parade mockery.

Wrong Address

YOUR CHEQUE BOOKS at the ready, Conservatives of Chislehurst! A stirring call to arms has been issued by the committee of the local Constitutional Association. Its leaders include two knights, two majors, two captains and a colonel.

Stirred to the depths by the constituency's preference for Labour M.P. G. D. Wallace at the last election, there is an all-out Conservative drive to raise sufficient cash to crush the menace of Bolshevism.

Apparently, names were just picked out of the telephone book, for among those who received the appeal letter was one Joseph Binns, of Sidcup. The fact that he happens to be Labour M.P. for Gillingham was overlooked!

Failure?

A FUNERAL next week may provoke bitter memories. The final assembly of the League of Nations will be held for winding-up business.

We are apt to forget that the League did settle some international disputes. It also supervised mandated countries, restored the finances of others, settled 1,500,000 Greek and 200,000 Bulgarian refugees. Anything else? Yes, the control of epidemics, health research work, suppression of the drug traffic, war against the traffic in women and children, a raising of labour standards.

A failure? Not entirely.

Truth Twisting

BEN SMITH addresses a Press conference. The less scrupulous sections of the anti-Government Press concentrate on printing such sentences as: "At this point the Minister laughed heartily," or "The Minister smiled at this question."

The aim is to give the public the impression that Ministers saddled with grave responsibilities treat their obligations as a great joke, and that they enjoy announcing food reductions. This sort of yellow journalism is being increasingly practised.

Whitehall Blunders

Still, the Government must learn that one weakness has been the way in which important news has sometimes been made known to the public. In particular, the Ministry of Food Public Relations Department needs overhauling.

The fault lies not so much with the people in that department as a lack of liaison between them and their political chiefs. How things are done is sometimes as important as what is done.

Thank the Miners

IT IS NOW CLEAR that, so far as this winter is concerned, the coal crisis has definitely been overcome.

The miners seem to have been the first to respond to the recent appeals by the Government for increased effort. There has been a remarkable rise in coal output since the prosperity campaign was launched. Whether or not this is cause and effect, nobody can judge, but the two have certainly coincided.

Part of the recovery is no doubt due to the return of younger men from the Services to the pits. But there must also have been an all-round improvement for which we must thank the miners as a whole.

Breathing Space

It would be a great mistake, of course, to suppose that the long-term coal outlook is now good.

When the present very high demobilization rate falls in April, the intake into the mining industry is likely to drop again below the wastage; and output may again begin to fall. There could be a worse crisis next winter.

But a breathing space has at least been secured, and it is not too much to hope that in the meantime some of the planned improvements in working and living conditions within the industry will come into effect and begin to pull their weight.

Teaching Them Sense?

SEX EDUCATION in the higher forms of primary schools, sex talks by doctors in secondary schools, are urged by an international education conference.

Dispute between teachers whether such instruction should be given by parents, religious objections, and shortage of school staff make the proposals unlikely of general adoption in Britain.

But education is slowly broadening, in all sorts of ways and even in schools of the well-to-do. Candidates for public schools found the following subject on the essay paper in this spring's examination: "Britain should glory more in her great writers than in her great fighters." If that has caused the apoplectic death of a dozen Blimpish parents, who could wonder?

Harley Street Boom

DARK AND VIVACIOUS Princess Suvaparb Svasti has waited five years to make the 16,000 mile journey from Siam to Harley Street for a nasal operation—because "you have the world's best surgeons." She is probably right.

Some of Harley Street's leading resident's have themselves come from afar. A stomach surgeon from Trinidad is reputed to be making £10,000 a year. So is a heart specialist from Canada. A gynæcologist from New Zealand and a surgeon from Dublin are perhaps earning

THE MEANING OF VICTORY DAY: by the Editor

AFTER A SLOW AND HESITANT START, and some purely local opposition, the arrangements for the projected V-Day celebrations on June 8 are at last beginning to take shape.

London will have a great Victory Parade, with the King as the central figure, and most of the outstanding war leaders, probably including Churchill and Eisenhower, at the saluting base.

In other cities, towns and country districts, the nature of the celebrations will depend on local circumstances, but it is already apparent that almost everywhere the people will rejoice, and the authorities will encourage them to spend this one day, not in working harder, but in getting as much relaxation and enjoyment as possible.

JOHN BULL believes this is a good idea, and has no sympathy with the kill-joys who have recently voiced their objections. All sorts of arguments have been advanced against the proposal to hold a V-Day. That we cannot afford it, for instance. That we cannot spare the time. That we have nothing to rejoice about, anyway.

None of these arguments will stand a moment's examination. Of course we can afford a V-Day; we are not as poor as all that. Of course we can spare the time; the Government has made it easy for us by fixing the date as Whit-Saturday, when most people will be off duty and there will be little or no interference with industrial production.

As for the story that we have nothing to rejoice about—well, that is just nonsense to anyone who compares our position today with the situation a year ago.

Difficulties and doubts there undoubtedly are, plenty of them! Shortages as serious as those of war-time still exist, and will remain for some time to come. But our once formidable enemies have been shattered and, despite international alarms, a future of unmatched promise lies within our grasp.

Isn't that something to rejoice about?

Let us throw austerity overboard and celebrate Victory as if we meant it. And let us try to prove that we do mean it by remembering, even as we celebrate, how much Victory has meant in all the things that really matter, and how best we can show our gratitude for it by working steadfastly, courageously and unitedly for the future.

twice as much. Distinguished refugees from Vienna and Berlin are also doing well.

But the English (and Scots) haven't been crowded out. A titled eye surgeon's income has long been around £20,000 a year. A titled physician charges forty guineas for a consultation.

No Rivals for Deanna

On the other hand, the great majority of consultants still ask only three guineas a time, despite the rise in prices.

If you are rich, a serious operation may cost you up to a thousand guineas. If you are hard-up, all the specialists concerned will cut their fees and the total may be as light as thirty guineas. One eye surgeon we know made a trip to Vienna to obtain information on a rare disease and refused to charge his patient a penny—"experience for me," he said.

Few Harley Street men make £2,000 a year before they are forty, many earn less than a busy general practitioner in a rich district, none even remotely approaches the £80,000 a year of Deanna Durbin or the £2,500 a week of Sir Harry Lauder in his prime.

Looking at Bevan

Consulting rooms cost from £500 to £2,500 a year; £12,000 to £15,000 will buy a leasehold house. These overheads naturally affect the specialist's view of the Bevan scheme.

But Harley Street is by no means unanimously against Bevan. Opinion, so far as one can judge, seems to be fairly evenly divided.

Man of Many Lines

ENTRIES in *Who's Who* are not necessarily a measure of fame. This year's edition shows that Mr. Attlee is content to tell his life story in thirty-five lines, "Monty" in twenty-five lines. Whereas an American takes up ninety-five lines.

He is that veteran worker for peace, that sonorous but rather prosy orator, that writer on international affairs in four languages, Dr. Murray Butler. Holder of twenty-five degrees, member of forty societies, university president until last year, he once bearded Hitler and used to come to Britain every year.

Dr. Butler will visit us no more. At the age of eighty-four, he has just announced that his sight has failed.

Long and Short of It

A KENT SMALLHOLDER found his pigs and ducks damaging his neighbour's crops. So, carefully measuring the hole in his fence, he applied for a licence to buy just the right amount of wire netting. He received permission to buy three-quarters of that amount.

Protesting, he was told it was an official practice always to reduce the quantity asked for—which seems an unfortunate aspersion on public honesty. And an inspector is driving over from miles away to measure the broken fencing for himself!

Of course, bureaucracy is necessary to the working of democracy. Unfortunately, it's only the stupidities of bureaucracy that the public hears about.

Idle Fishermen

HERE IS ANOTHER EXAMPLE: Many fishermen in the north of Scotland, back from war service, cannot resume fishing. They have their old boats, but the engines were removed by officialdom and have not been replaced. Nor can the men obtain licences for new ones, which are scheduled for export only.

But in Anstruther Harbour is an abandoned naval craft, with three engines of the latest type. Applications for the transfer of these engines to an idle fishing boat moored alongside have been unanswered.

William Again

RUNNER-UP TO ITMA in popularity is the *Just William* series, which is to be filmed. It seems to be as amusing to adults as to their offspring. The present series will run until June 25 and reopen in the autumn.

Alick Hayes, the producer and script-writer, thinks there is something in telepathy. One evening he was writing an episode in which William caught his father's best tie in the mincing machine. John Clark, who plays William on the air, offered to do a bit of mincing to help his mother. With William-like talent for trouble, he wrecked the machine in a few minutes. He had no idea that Hayes had anticipated the scene in his script the previous evening!

At Home

Some young listeners take Richmal Crompton's characters very seriously. Charles Hawtrey, who takes the part of the "villain," Hubert Lane, was having tea in his Hounslow home when he heard two of the local lads talking under the open window.

"Hubert lives in there," said one.

"Don't believe it!" scoffed the other.

"I know 'e does. Let's 'eave a brick through 'is window and make 'im feel at 'ome."

Fortunately, they thought better of it!

Bing's Split

THE EMOTIONAL TANGLES of Hollywood stars have always made news—news that causes the executives to keep an alarmed eye on the popularity barometer. Particularly are they worried by the reported split between Bing Crosby and his wife, Dixie Lee, regarded for years as Hollywood's models of domestic bliss.

The news was delayed so that it would not prejudice the success of two current Crosby films, *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's*. Will it make any difference?

Past history says No. Casual filmgoers, the vast majority, probably won't even remember the news when they next see a Crosby film. And the behaviour of the "fans" has always been inexplicable and capricious.

Alarming Marriage

There was more resentment against Errol Flynn in this country for *Objective Burma* than for his appearance in an unsavoury lawsuit of some four years ago. Many film stars have survived two or three divorces.

And there was more alarm in Hollywood when Robert Taylor married—such were the fears of possible damage to his popularity by this moral act—than if he had figured in the sexiest court case.

Crosby's sponsors, therefore, have little need to worry.

Soccer Changes

MANY SOCCER ENTHUSIASTS feel that changes in the throw-in and corner kick laws should be introduced. They say a free-kick should be given if a player deliberately kicks into touch. And the proportion of corner kicks which result in goals is less than three per cent.

Yet a corner kick used to be regarded as a great advantage to the attacking side!

Ration Mystery

BRITISH SPORTS FANS, eyeing the decreasing rations in this country, are asking how it is that Continental sports stars who visit Britain are so fit. French boxers and the Continental table tennis players have showed stamina which suggests they have escaped the general under-feeding abroad. The Moscow Dynamos ate their own food and the Belgians complained that our food is inadequate.

But if any additional food is available here we'd rather it went to miners than athletes.

Big Money

UNCERTAINTIES OF PEACE are causing the stock market to sag. But the Greyhound Racing Association would hate you to buy its shares, for it is trying to re-convert itself into a very private company and is buying up "outside" shareholders.

A holder of 1,010 shilling shares has just sold out to the association for more than £40,000.

A stiff but not surprising price. Dividends in recent years have been 4,250 per cent! Hence our reference to profits in the dog-racing article on page 9.

In the Barber's Shop

THE CREATOR OF JOHN BULL'S first cover in colour, Charles Clixby Watson, returns to our front page today with a scene in a village barber's shop during the broadcasting of the Grand National.

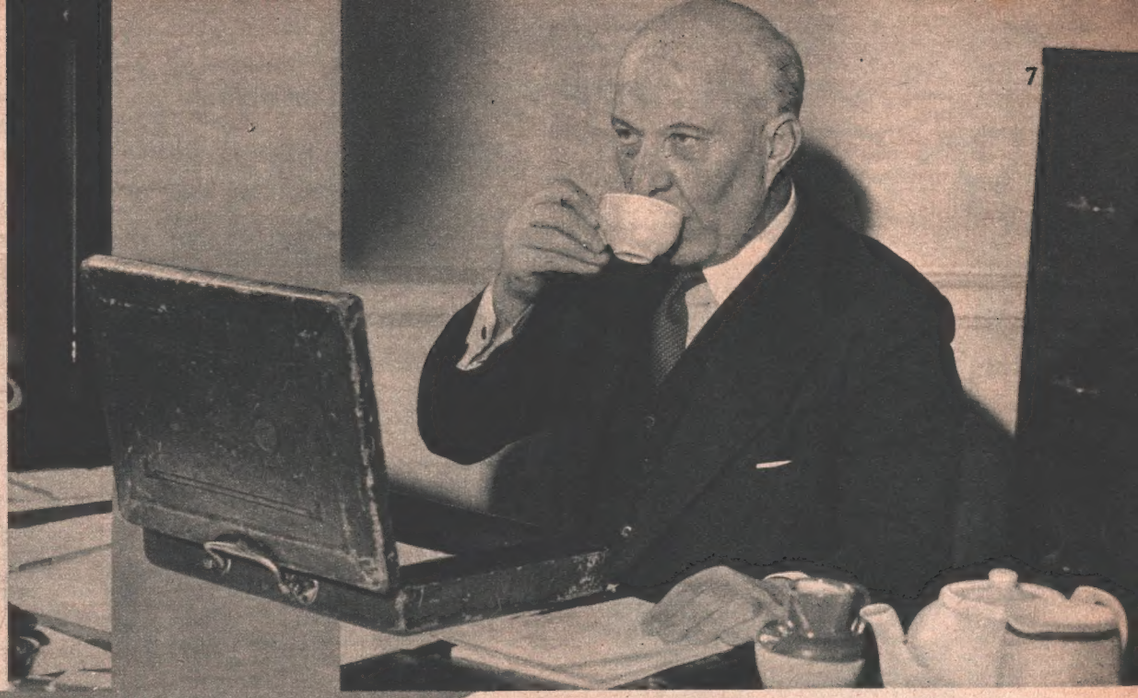
The scene is imaginary, but the barber's shop is a very real one. Watson tells us he spent quite a long time in it one night, after the customers had gone, making rough sketches from which the detail in the finished painting was later worked up. If any barber has a fault to find with it, he is advised that small differences from the real thing (should they exist) must be put down to artistic licence and not to lack of care in observation.

FIRE!

In the last years before the war the yearly toll of fire havoc in this country had reached the appalling figure of £10,000,000, and although a Bill has been announced for the reorganization on a peace-time basis of the fire brigades, *fire-fighting* is a long way from *fire-prevention*.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £1,000 Fire Insurance with commensurate benefits for death and injuries.

WHAT'S HE GOT THAT WE HAVEN'T?



Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, will next week disclose secrets now hidden in the famous Budget Box which is here seen open before him

THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT TAX

War has made Income Tax what it is today. And of course, we all grumble. But this tax is really the most powerful weapon of social progress in our history. Here is the story of its origin and gradual growth

by FRANK MOTTRAM

INCOME TAX WILL BE IN EVERYBODY'S MIND next week when the Chancellor presents his budget. Whether we get "something off" or not, it is certain that direct taxation on incomes will remain at a relatively high level for a long time to come—perhaps for ever.

But it may help you to pay up and look pleasant—or as pleasant as possible—if you know something *about* income tax.

Who started the thing, anyway? Why do we have to pay so much? Need we pay so much?

The answers to these questions lie hidden in the history of this tax, which is not such a dry subject as you might imagine.

The tax is, historically speaking, a very recent one. Many of our taxes are as old as Parliament itself—the tax on beer for example. But the present continuous run of the income tax has lasted only for just over one hundred years. In 1841 there was no general tax on income at all.

Terrible Outcry

And it is only in very recent times that the rate of tax has climbed to anything like its present height. Less than forty years ago—in 1907—the rate was only 9d. in the pound, and there was a terrible outcry when Lloyd George proposed, two years later, in 1909, to raise it to the shocking peace-time figure of 1s. in the pound.

Even up to twenty years ago—in 1925—the rate was only 4s. in the pound. History shows clearly the chief reason for the swift rise in the rate.

It is war.

The tax was invented by Pitt in 1798 to raise the money to fight Napoleon, and when it was re-enforced in 1803 for the same purpose the rate was 1s. 2d. It was abandoned in 1815, with the return of peace.

Peel restored it in 1842 to take the place of all the tariffs and other taxes falling on trade that he was, at that time, sweeping away. But the tax remained extremely unpopular (with those who had to pay it) and when Gladstone became Chancellor in 1854 he proposed in his first budget to scale down the rate of tax from 7d. in the pound to nothing over a period of five years.

It was due to disappear in 1858 and no doubt it would have done so but for the outbreak of the Crimean War in 1854. The cost of that war forced the rate up to 1s. 2d. again.

Then came the longest period of peace the country has ever known—nearly fifty years. And in the 1870s income tax fell to 2d. in the pound!

The Boer War forced it up from these low levels to the 1s. mark once more.

The first World War (1914-18) raised the 1s. to 6s. in the pound.

The second World War has just increased it to 10s.

One large question, however, remains. It is quite easy to see why war raises the tax. But why does not peace reduce it again?

War Costs Continue

The answer is twofold. In the first place, the financial cost of war does not cease as soon as the fighting stops. The costs of demobilization last for several years afterwards. Pensions continue to be paid for forty or fifty years. We are still paying pensions that arose out of the Boer War.

Secondly, the interest on the National Debt (which always increases very greatly during a war) has to be paid indefinitely. The interest burden of the first World War still stood at £230 million a year in 1939.

Nevertheless, all this is only half the story. The size of the National Budget, and the general level of all taxes would have fallen much further than they did between the last two wars *if the other costs of government* had not risen greatly in the meantime.

In 1934, approximately half the receipts of taxation were spent on the clearing up of old wars (interest payments and pensions) and the preparations for new wars (current expenses of the Army, the Navy and the Air Force). But the other half was not required for military expenditure at all. It was spent on providing the other services for which a modern Government has become responsible — education, roads, public health, housing, unemployment benefit, agricultural subsidies and colonial development.

It is calculated that, between 1914 and 1936, the total expenditure out of rates and taxes for these services rose from £160 million a year to over £1,270 million a year.

It is, therefore, useless to grumble about taxes. We can't have it both ways. As citizens we are always asking the Government to do more and more—to build houses that can be let at low rents, to help pay for an "all-in" social insurance system, to provide a "free for all" medical service.

As voters, we are continuously pressing the Government to be more generous—to pay higher pensions, to provide family allowances, to raise the school leaving age and improve all the schools. This is perfectly proper. All these things are good things.

But, I repeat, it is impossible to have it both ways. All these things have to be paid for. No Government can change the laws of arithmetic—not even a Labour Government.

But why do we have to pay in the form of income tax?

Because it is the fairest kind of tax and is the chief method by which we are making the distribution of income and property in this country less unequal.

Income tax and supertax have become much more steeply graded since 1907, when a supertax was first enforced.

In 1914, the increase in the proportion taken by taxation rose from about six per cent on incomes of £100 a year to fourteen per cent of similarly constituted incomes of £50,000 a year. In 1924 the increase over the same range was from thirteen per cent to nearly sixty per cent. In 1944 it was from about ten per cent to over ninety per cent.

Take the position of the millionaire. I am not asking anyone to weep over the fate of millionaires but just consider it. In 1914 a millionaire in receipt of £50,000 a year was allowed to keep £43,000 for his own use. In 1924 he was allowed to keep £20,000. Now he only gets £5,000.

At present rates of taxation it is necessary to receive an income of £66,000 a year before you are left with a clear £5,000 a year to spend. There cannot be as many as one hundred people left in the country with tax-free incomes of so much.

This is the roundabout road by which we are approaching economic equality in this country.

Half a Revolution

There is curiously little direct feeling for equality in Britain, at least when compared with other countries. There is almost no hatred of the rich among us. "Tax the rich out of existence" has never been a really popular cry. No responsible party believes in confiscation.

Yet we are, very slowly, moving towards a more equal distribution of wealth by applying the simple principle that "the broadest backs should bear the heaviest burdens"—among taxpayers.

Much inequality still remains. Too much. The many rich can maintain their standard of living by living upon their capital, and the profits of their speculations on the Stock Exchange, since both these sources of income escape taxation.

Yet it would be idle to deny that the great fall in the fraction of their incomes left to the rich after income tax and supertax have been taken from them has produced half a revolution in one generation. We are a great country for half-revolutions.

Thus the income tax, little as we may like it, has become one of the most powerful weapons of social progress in our history.

PRIVATE VIEW OF A. P. HERBERT

RIVERSIDE KNIGHT

MENTION OF THE NAME A. P. HERBERT might provoke a discussion involving almost anything from navigational devices for sailors to divorce, lawsuits or skittles. Wag, humorist, parliamentarian—it is the wide range of his interests that makes A. P. H., today, one of the most invigorating of English celebrities.

Famous as the reformer of our divorce laws, he is also the author of some forty publications, the librettist of nine or ten comic operas and musical pieces, and a contributor to *Punch* for more than thirty years.

Now, at fifty-five, A. P. H. is a grandfather and a knight; tall and gaunt, with unkempt grey hair and a small expressive mouth.

He lives at Hammersmith, on the river bank, and is in his study most mornings, with a pad on his knee, writing. If he pauses, blinking over his spectacles at a view of the Thames through the window, it might be to render a spice of news into a clerihew or a couplet of pungent verse. These appear in a Sunday paper where A.P.H.'s role seems to have become something of a rhyming chronicler and critic of the age.

During the war, A. P. H. served in the Royal Naval Auxiliary Patrol as a petty officer, and, between periods of duty, was able to make himself heard in Parliament vigorously attacking the Oxford Group Movement and campaigning for a clean-up of the King's English.

HE commanded his own launch, the *Water Gipsy*, flying the White Ensign, on patrol from Teddington to Southend, a stretch of sixty miles. No man could have been happier doing his bit, for the river is his greatest passion and the *Water Gipsy* his dearest possession. Both commander and vessel are now demobbed. She lies moored off his back garden, in a new civvy coat of paint—Oxford blue.

On New Year's Eve, 1914, when Acting Leading Seaman Herbert, R.N.V.R., went ashore with six days' leave from H.M.S. *Crystal Palace*, he was married to a girl called Gwendolen Quilter, daughter of Harry Quilter, the artist, in the Red Church, Bethnal Green. They spent their honeymoon in London and quite a bit of it on the Fulham Road practising semaphore to beat the Germans.

Twenty-five years later, when they celebrated their silver wedding, A. P. H. told reporters the secret of a happy marriage: "Choose a good wife and stick to her." They have four children, Crystal, Jocelyn, Lavender and John, and seven grandchildren.

No. 12 Hammersmith Terrace, W.6, has been the home of the Herberts since 1917. Built in 1780, it possesses the snug comfort of that age, but the architecture is not particularly characteristic. It is lucky to be standing. During the blitz it was straddled by bombs and peppered with incendiaries.

Later in the war Jocelyn waited for her twins while doodle-bugs made holes in the river and blew up houses a few streets away.

A. P. H. has his study on the ground floor, overlooking the back garden and Lady Herbert's crocus patch. As a study it is small and overcrowded. Photographs, paintings, sketches and caricatures hanging higgledy-piggledy on the wall with a fine disregard for the rules of interior decoration, and a multitude of reference books within easy reach of A. P. H.'s hand, indicate that the room has become what it is over a period of years.

A. P. H. has a deep affection for it, as he has for his old clothes, his old pipes, his old boat. The study is his workshop, and those who know him intimately are familiar with the picture of the inimitable wit in his old armchair by the fire, looking up over his spectacles at them, quizzically.

A. P. H. begins his working day early. He rises at eight o'clock and reads seven newspapers. This because his writing depends so much on his observation of contemporary affairs through the wrong end of the telescope.

When his secretary arrives, A. P. H. wades through a mass of correspondence and dictates replies. The remainder of the day varies according to the programme. Selection of a place for lunch depends on whom A. P. H. is entertaining or who is entertaining A. P. H. It might be the Savage, Beefsteak, Savoy, Soho, House of Commons—anywhere.

AFTERNOONS are spent sometimes in Parliament, sometimes, just now, in a theatre at rehearsals. He seldom relaxes over the weekend unless he takes a journey up the river to visit his constituency.

For *Punch* he uses a pencil and mails the draft as it is to the printers. The Sunday paper stuff is typed by A. P. H. himself who claims to be a better typist than his secretary. During the war A. P. H. wrote and composed aboard the *Water Gipsy* on patrol. In spite of communications being difficult at times, he never missed an issue as long as he was in England.

Being a gregarious creature, fond of all good food and drink, and a raconteur with a fund of stories and anecdotes, A. P. H. is good company. Contrary to expectations he is not much of a beer drinker or competent to make a statement about the post-war product. However, he "throws a lovely cheese" in the skittle alley and is president of the "Black Lion" Skittles Club. Another social asset is an ability to strum on the piano—well enough to lead a chorus of community songs and sea chanties.

A. P. H. is also interested in the practical application of astronomy. During the war he invented a navigational aid for sailors, studied deep-sea navigation (in the Thames), and made an attempt to rename the stars. His taste in reading is catholic, as with his choice of plays and films, but he confesses there isn't much time left over at the end of the day for these refinements.

He has repeatedly refused to take part in a Brains Trust, which suggests, perhaps, that A. P. H. would rather avoid a short cut to a wider popularity. He is an acquired taste; for those who like their reading spiced and tangy.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

milk

MILK IS THE PERFECT FOOD, containing five vitamins, protein, fat and sugar. Children should take, at the very least, one and a half pints a day.

* * *

In Jarrow, in the depression years, consumption of milk averaged one seventh of a pint per person per day. In Newcastle it was one quarter of a pint.

* * *

We wasted about ten million gallons a year in pre-war days through domestic milk going sour. If every household had a refrigerator milk could be delivered only twice a week. The saving in delivery costs would buy every family a frig in ten years.

* * *

Because milk is the perfect food, germs like it. Two scientific workers have just made stringent tests of the various types of cap. The metal foil protecting the rim of the bottle is best—the cardboard disc lets the rim, *over which the milk is poured*, get dirty.

* * *

About two thousand people die every year of bovine tuberculosis—that is tuberculosis contracted from infected milk. Compulsory pasteurization—heating milk to half boiling point and cooling it quickly—would save these lives; but better still would be tuberculosis-free herds. To clean up our herds would cost about £13,000,000—say one day's cost of the war.

* * *

Never wipe a milk jug with a cloth. Scald the jug and hang it upside down. Keep milk in the dark—sunlight destroys vitamin C.

* * *

The strangest method of disinfecting milk is to plunge into it a specially-designed sound buzzer which sends out a note too shrill for the human ear to detect. Vibrations kill germs without damaging the milk.

* * *

Dried milk is always safe, but has lost some vitamin C, so should be supplemented with orange juice. The best brands are rich in D, the anti-rickets vitamin. Milk can now be half-dried and frozen into cubes. The Americans have a plan for freezing breast milk for air transport to famine regions.

* * *

Inspectors sample milk regularly in every district, both for possible infection and added water. (Incidentally, a judge asked to define circumstantial evidence said: "A trout in the milk jug.")

* * *

Fresh goat's milk is excellent—but quickly gets a "strong" flavour. The Wright family of Chelsea have kept goats for a hundred years—Gandhi and Gracie Fields were among their goat's milk customers. During the blitz William Wright's goats did special duty. Goats never panic, and their presence in a stable steadies the other animals in case of fire.

* * *

Milk bottle shortage is serious. One Lancashire firm lost 288,000 last year—800 a day—year's cost, about £3,000. In one empty house a milkman found 200 bottles. In the Manchester cemeteries 10,000 milk bottles contain flowers. Some people set the bottles upside down in concrete to make ornamental garden paths.

* * *

In parts of Yorkshire doorsteps have always been cleaned with milk. It gives the stone a dark colour which is set off by a white edge. During the war a Batley woman was fined for continuing the custom.

* * *

New York has square milk bottles with a special bulb bulging out near the top in which the cream settles, so that it can be poured off separately.

* * *

Milk is now tested with a sensitive dye. If it goes blue it is high quality; if mauve, good; pink is fair; anything paler, definitely poor stuff.

DOG-DOPERS LAUGH AT "CLEAN-UP"

While "background" gangs remain intact to plan expensive betting coups, dog-doping will go on, says WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator. He exposes the flaws in new security measures

THE DIRTIEST OF ALL SPORTS is to be cleaned up. So we are assured by the National Greyhound Racing Association, which controls nearly a hundred licensed tracks and their immense profits.

F. S. Gentle, chairman of the association, says that everything possible will be done to clear the tracks of rogues. Secret measures are being worked out to prevent the doping of dogs and the substitution of poor racers by famous ones. There will be a special school to train "security officers."

I hope it works. I hope so the more because, after JOHN BULL first exposed dog-racing scandals more than ten years ago, a "security" plan was put into operation. And since then the scandals have gone on growing like Topsy.

Are the master conspirators—the people behind the actual dopers, the "big men" who are never caught—shivering at this new declaration of war by Mr. Gentle?

So far, they are not.

A few days ago, in a rich Mayfair flat (Scotland Yard knows the address as well as I do) the chief agent of one of the "big men" went into conference with his lesser lights.

"Just Ballyhoo"

The "big man" was not there, of course. Though he is a well-known London bookmaker, his identity is not known to his underlings. It is known to the police, however. And to me.

"All this association talk is just ballyhoo," his agent said. "Maybe we'll have to be a bit more careful, but we'll carry on just the same."

I believe him. Because it costs hundreds, sometimes thousands, of pounds to prepare one betting coup, nothing is left to chance. An ex-member of a powerful north country gang—led, again, by a rich bookmaker—admitted to me last week that he had been in a dozen important "deals" that won thousands of pounds and yet are still unknown to the track authorities concerned.

Just how prevalent dog-racing frauds really are can be gauged by the experiences of a reader I recently interviewed in a Lancashire town who has been racing manager at several unlicensed tracks.

At one he found that most of the best dogs raced there were owned by officials—or nominees of officials—of the company running the stadium. His protests were ignored.

After a month or two his suspicions were aroused by the running of certain dogs. They seemed to lose or win as it suited their owners.

One night a race was run in which he knew as well as his colleagues did that, according to form, one of two dogs must win. To his amazement both of these two "ran green" (sleepily), while four others, which on form had no chance whatever, shot out and went well ahead. A complete outsider named Happy Dan won by more than thirty lengths.

Against all regulations he rushed to the stand and switched on the red light. Then, through the microphone, he shouted: "Stop! I am the racing manager here. I declare this race void. All monies paid to bookmakers must be returned. Bookmakers are not to pay out. And particularly do I advise credit bookmakers not to meet their clients' claims."

There was pandemonium. But he saved the ordinary punters from being rooked.

Later he found out who was the ringleader behind the scenes—a notorious fellow since convicted twice for greyhound racing conspiracies. But the gangsters' threats persuaded him to keep his mouth shut.

While working at another track, he recognized several dog-dopers among the punters. At once he began inquiries about certain dogs and their kennels.

Four dogs were brought to private kennels near the track, by agents of two conspirators, about four hours before one particular race. The kennel owner had innocently agreed to house the dogs temporarily provided they were properly guarded.

Shortly before the race, the "vet" went to these kennels, where the favourite was also kept. He asked for permission to examine all the dogs.

The favourite had been given meat balls treated with chloretone. So had three of the others. The dog not doped was one which had raced only once before; it would, of course, have won in a flash.

He hurried back to the track, conferred with other officials, and cancelled the race.

The chief conspirators had stood to win thousands of pounds between them!

Since then many other frauds have taken place at the same track.

At another stadium, the "vet" became interested in a group of men who began to attend the meetings. What he heard about them made him doubly watchful.

One afternoon, when he saw some of their associates arrive by taxi, leave quickly and then return to the track, he went to the kennels.

He found the favourite with glassy eyes, and in the first stage of "staggering."

Doped Dog Won

He knew it had been backed down to evens, and he had to act swiftly. Mixing an emetic, he poured it down the animal's throat. Practically the whole of a drug pellet, which had been administered in some mashed meat, was vomited.

Ten minutes later the dog had recovered—to win the race by several lengths.

All but one of the strangers disappeared. They had heavily backed—both with track bookmakers and outside layers on credit—and did not wait to find out why their money had been lost.

The "vet" had the one remaining stranger brought to his office. He was little more than a lad. Frightened, he told how, once they knew the favourite was doped, he and others had been sent round in taxis telephoning bets to bookmakers in distant towns. But he could not say who were the men behind the scenes.

Only a month ago, four men were found in the enclosed parking yard at the Bolton track. Three managed to get away.

They left behind a bucket containing a greasy fluid, and the floor of a car later traced showed an impressed ring identical with the bottom of the bucket. The grease was to have been used to clog the feet of certain dogs!

The fourth man denied having the bucket in his car. But he couldn't disprove his five prison sentences, the last being three years' penal servitude passed in 1942!

F. S. Gentle, Chairman of the National Greyhound Racing Association, claims everything is being done to check dog-racing swindles

Det.-Inspector I. MacDonald resigned from Scotland Yard specially to assist the authorities in clearing racketeers off the tracks

A Serious Oversight

These incidents—a few of many—show how necessary, though belated, is the decision of Mr. Gentle and the N.G.R.A. where licensed tracks are concerned. There is, however, a serious oversight in their proposals.

Before he can declare a race on licensed tracks to be void, a judge must be unable to decide which is the winner in a drawn race, or be satisfied that a mechanical defect is responsible for an unexpected result.

That, of course, is just not good enough. Whenever there is reason to suspect roguery, any responsible official should be able to switch on the red light.

Moreover, all programmes should make it clear that when a race is declared void backers can demand their money back from bookmakers and the Tote. Bookmakers would similarly, of course, refuse to pay out "winnings."

If Mr. Gentle has any doubt of the need of this provision, let him remember that *known* cases of dog-track roguery have, in the last two years, taken place at Nottingham, Bradford, Sheffield, Glasgow, Blaydon-on-Tyne, Gloucester, Brighton, Portsmouth, Blackpool, Crayford, Doncaster, Hartlepool, Chester, Bolton, Belfast, Southampton and —of course—at several tracks in the Greater London area.

Left to right: Ernest Hemingway, Dorothy Thompson, and the late Ernie Pyle

THEY FOUGHT WITH WORDS

Famous writers and war correspondents waded into world battles with their typewriters at the ready. They defeated enemy propaganda and brought home a first-hand history of the war

OFFICIAL HISTORIES OF THE WAR are still being written. What they will decide about the battles of the past six years is only a matter of conjecture at present. But it is certain that they will have a lot to say about the importance of the written and spoken word in the greatest world conflict of all.

Never before, in the history of man, have words played so big a part in warfare. The wordy battle was begun by Dr. Goebbels, for the enemy, long before the real battle was joined. It continued almost interrupted throughout the war. The clash of the opposing armies was accompanied by the blare of loudspeakers and the widespread use of printed propaganda.

Now, at last, it is possible to sort the truth from the lies, the sincere report from the propagandists' blarney. Voices emerge above the babel of conflicting opinion—and these voices have names.

There are, to begin with, the war reporters. Some of them saw trouble ahead in Spain, China, Abyssinia, and fought with words against the dictatorships of Hitler and Mussolini when others were still paying lip service to flashy totalitarian ideologies.

A woman, Dorothy Thompson, was in the forefront of these pioneers who countered machine-gun bullets and rubber truncheons with typewriters. For twenty years she pitted her logic against the dictators.

When she first met Hitler she called him an insignificant little man, compared him with Charlie Chaplin. This may not appear profound to those who are wise after the event, but by 1934 her ridicule of the Fuehrer resulted in her expulsion from Germany.

Weapon of Language

In the lonely days of 1941 she visited this country. She put the British case before the American public at a time when Pearl Harbour was still only a tiny dot on the Pacific map.

Today, her pro-British column is read by millions of Americans, and the weapon of language forged in Europe during the years of totalitarian aggression now fights for closer understanding between us and the Americans.

Almost equally high in the list of those whose words went beyond the barriers of nationalism is the name of Ernie Pyle. This well-loved reporter was mourned by the American nation after a stray Japanese machine-gun bullet struck him down on a small island near Okinawa.

President Truman was moved to issue a statement of condolence. With the death of Roosevelt in mind, Truman said: "The nation is quickly saddened again. No man in this war has so well told the story of the American fighting men as fighting men wanted it told. More than any other man he became the spokesman of the ordinary American in arms doing so many extraordinary things."

The British fighting man was well represented by Alan Moorehead, brilliant young Australian journalist who came to Britain in 1935, planning to stay six months, and stayed to cover a war that shifted from one continent to another, and by Alexander Clifford. Twice mentioned in despatches for gallant and distinguished service, Moorehead has summed up his experiences in two wartime classics.

Few authors make good war correspondents, but most war correspondents have at least one good book in them, and *We Landed at Dawn*, by A. B. Austin, later killed in action, has in it the spirit of immortality.

Too Near the Truth

An exceptional example of the novelist making good as an imaginative reporter is Ernest Hemingway. He fought with the Italians in the last war, against them in Spain. His writing has often been too near the truth, even for American consumption.

Hemingway, who loves Spain, went to Madrid as a supporter of the fight against Franco. Out of the chaos of civil war emerged his great novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. This story of love in the middle of war rapidly became a best seller, and, of course, the author was able to sell the film rights at a fabulous price. The script was immediately submitted to Franco's U.S. representatives.

Asked what he thought of the completed film, Hemingway replied: "I'd say it seems to me rather like an animal that you've seen in your rifle sights, shot, and then get delivered home, stuffed by a taxidermist."

He is confident, however, that the truth, somehow, always gets through. "In spite of all the censorship that can be imposed," he says, "the people always know in the end because enough of them have been there."

At present, he is writing a story of D-Day. It will be a story of the fighting men he met as a special correspondent. It won't preach any particular gospel.

Other voices can be heard. Voices of men who worked alone and apart, in barracks, at sea, and even in exile.

During the war years a man sat in a small room in Zurich. His name is Secondo Tranquilli, otherwise Ignazio Silone. Mussolini offered a reward for his capture, dead or alive. Today, as editor of the Rome paper *Avanti*, the man who made a dictator squirm still tells the truth to his bewildered countrymen.

Those who speak the truth are not always honoured in their time, but their words are seeds that flourish and grow in the no-man's land of human progress.

by CHARLES HAMBLETT

An impressio

IT'S REALLY

THE FIRST POST-WAR GRAND NATIONAL Liverpool is, as always, the signal for so heads to launch their periodic offens against this stiffest endurance test known to m and beast.

"The jumps are too many," says one. "T jumps are too high," says another. "T jumps are too wide," says a third. "The cou is too long," says a fourth . . . and so they on as they always have gone on and as, presu ably, they always will go on.

The Grand National is so much a part of British scene that it will pay us to examine background of this great race.

Right away, let it be said that comparativ few serious accidents have occurred in the lo history of the race. Probably not more tha dozen horses have been killed since the year 18 when a syndicate of sportsmen who had tak over the lease of Aintree set up a steeplech in these terms:

"The Grand Liverpool Steeplechase sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 forfeit, with added; 12 st. each, gentlemen riders; 4 mi across the country; the second to save his and the winner to pay 10 sovs. towa

n of Becher's Brook specially painted by LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

A Grand National!

Here is the background story of Britain's toughest race. There's no truth behind the common complaint that the National is cruel. The thoroughbreds can take it

says JOHN MACADAM

expenses; no rider to open a gate or ride through a gateway, or more than 100 yards along any road, footpath or driftway."

The first recorded mishap occurred at what was known in those days as Brook No. 1.

Conrad, ridden by the veteran Captain Becher, ran into the hedge throwing his rider over his head, over the fence and into the water beyond.

The captain, says the historian, "formed up to receive cavalry close under the bank, and the rest of the horses cleared him in safety." His name has clung to the brook ever since and if it is a formidable obstacle, why, he was a formidable captain.

From that time, down through the intervening hundred-odd years, the tremendous Aintree course has remained the haunt of the greatest personalities of the turf—the horses as much as the men.

Most criticism of the race on the grounds of cruelty is as ill-informed as it is hysterical. It is significant that of all the great sporting events involving animals, the Grand National is almost the only one against which none of the animal protection societies has a word to say.

On the contrary, an official of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals said: "Any good horse can negotiate the course. It is the moderate animals that find any difficulty. We have suggested modifications of some of the jumps from time to time and there has been no trouble in having them introduced. Perhaps in one or two cases, jumps could be even less severe without detracting from the attractiveness of the racing, but generally speaking, we are entirely satisfied.

"The real horse people are among the Society's best supporters and they are as anxious as we are to protect the horses from unnecessary risk. Only a few weeks ago there was an unfortunate accident during a jumping meeting. No vet was available to attend to the horse and we immediately brought this to the attention of the racecourse executives. Within a day or two a hut was erected and a vet installed for all meetings. That is the kind of co-operation we get from the racing people."

Certainly, a look at the water-jump on the early morning of the Grand National would go a long way to convince the antis that, here at least, is an obstacle not designed as a neck-breaker. Most of the younger bloods who have completed the traditional walk-round of the course, have a go at the water-jump on foot. A colleague who has gone through a hard war with the Marines, is probably more proud of the fact that, just before the war began, he did the water-jump himself—all but a couple of inches.

The crux of the whole thing lies in the quality of the horses, and who is to say that animals of the calibre of Prince Regent and Poor Flame lack the highest quality?

Sometimes a merely moderate jumper gets in and it is here that the only real danger lurks—a poor horse making a mess of it and getting in the way of his betters. However, everything is done nowadays to ensure that the horses will have the necessary class. They are all trained to jump in the hunting field and must hold a Masters' certificate before they can run in a foxhunters' chase.

No Serious Mishaps

Horses like Manifesto, Old Tay Bridge, Cloister, Jerry M. and others it would take a great deal of space to mention, did the course year after year without serious mishap. The odd inferior horse is hard to detect until he actually gets into the swing of the race. He may have done all that was asked of him in the hunting field and at ordinary meetings where the fences and jumps are standards, only to fail at the supreme test of Aintree, by which time it is too late.

But it would be as sensible to expect the M.C.C. to have a private test of a Surrey colt before he took the field with the first eleven against another county, as to expect the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee to take any more pains than they already do to ensure that only the best shall go forward to Aintree.

And so, as they wheel and prance nervously in the wide sweep of the start, the memories of this first post-war National should not be of the rigours and the incidental dangers of the greatest test of all; but rather of the great horses and the great men who have passed this way before . . . and of the outsider who had the beating of them all, including the great Reynoldstown, and then ran wide at the last fence, his rider flapping helplessly with a broken rein . . . of the great-hearted Gerry Wilson, and the incredible Golden Miller . . . of gallant Tipperary Tim splashing through the mud to one of the most fantastic of all victories.

These are the things to think on this week.

NATIONAL RECORDS

Record time of 9 minutes 20 seconds for the 4½ mile course, with thirty obstacles, fences and water-jumps, was made by Golden Miller in 1934. Jerry, who won in 1840, took exactly one minute longer.

Record field was in 1929, when sixty-six horses ran and Gregalach won.

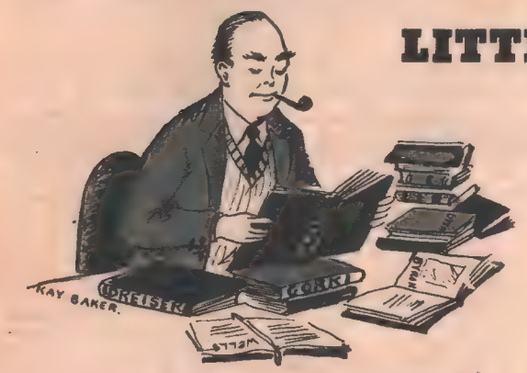
Voluntary, the winner in 1884, had not been over any kind of fence before.

George Stevens rode in fifteen Grand Nationals without falling once. Tom Olliver fell three times in nineteen rides.

Harry Brown, riding The Bore in 1921, was tossed at the last fence, remounted, and finished second in spite of a broken collar-bone.

In 1928, out of a field of forty-two horses, only one was still on its feet at the last fence. This was Tipperary Tim, a rank 100 to 1 outsider, who passed the winning post alone.

LITTLE "FUEHRERS" THRIVE ON MUTTS



"I studied the lives of the great writers, and proved I was on the right road to success"

Tuppenny-ha'penny Fascist leaders can get nowhere without supporters. Herbert Hodge's view is that it's the ordinary folk who can put an end to their nonsense

THE PROBLEM OF WHAT TO DO about our British Fascists is worrying thoughtful people more and more. Ought we to make drastic laws suppressing them, before they grow too powerful?

Every day it becomes increasingly obvious that the Fascist type of "leader" is going to make a strong bid for popular support against the Government.

If living conditions get worse—as they may do before they get better—some unthinking people will be ripe to follow any tuppenny-ha'penny leader who offers them "action."

All down the ages men and women have hankered for a scapegoat—some person or group that they could blame for all their troubles. And then go and knock hell out of them.

If only we could pin all the blame on the man in the moon; we could have a united world tomorrow. UNO could set up an international firing squad to shoot at the moon every night. We could all take our turn at volunteering. And perhaps get medals for it. All the peoples of the world would then be allies: black, white and yellow; every race and every creed. We should all be comrades in the great and glorious Army Of The Earth—all pledged to destroy that wicked old man in the moon!

However, since we haven't yet reached that enlightened stage, our would-be British fuehrers will still have to be content with blaming the Russians, the Jews or Sir Stafford Cripps.

If they want to get a following, it's obviously no use their blaming our own past stupidity, or world conditions, neither of which can be satisfactorily smacked down with a rubber truncheon.

I think we may expect quite a crop of these little fuehrers before long. Only the other night, in the train, I listened to a conversation among a group of apparently quite normal men, of the "something in the City" type. They agreed that what the country needed was "a strong organization of decent chaps" to put an end to "all this Labour nonsense." I gathered that, if such an organization were started, they would all join it. The Conservative Party, they said, was now out of date.

They Laughed at Hitler

A few comical flops, like the meeting of the "British Vigilantes" at the Albert Hall, should not blind us to the growing danger. Hitler, too, was laughed at when he began. Yet, in a few years, he had fought and smashed the German Social-Democrats.

We've proved again and again that our British democracy can defend itself against attacks from without. Can it also defend itself against attacks from within? Can we profit by the German example and prepare ourselves in time?

I think we can. But not by passing laws to prevent the free expression of opinion. We already have laws against the wearing of political uniforms and the use of physical violence. And that, it seems to me, is about as far as we can go in the way of special law-making.

No democracy can pass a law restricting freedom of speech and still remain a democracy. Once you pass such a law, no matter how good your motive, you put a dictatorial weapon into the hands of the party in power. The Right may use it to suppress the Left, or the Left to suppress the Right. Whatever the outcome, it won't be democracy.

If we wish to keep our democratic system, we can only do so by sticking to our democratic principles. You may object that a democratic principle is powerless against a rubber truncheon. And you may prove to be right.

But even if you do prove to be right, it won't prove the democratic principle wrong. It will only prove that there aren't yet enough people in this country capable of living up to that principle.

A democracy stands or falls by its dependence on each individual citizen. It rests on the assumption that every citizen has a brain, which he or she uses—that every citizen thinks before he acts and looks before he leaps.

At present, of course, we are still a long way from that perfection. Most of us think some of the time. Only a few of us think most of the time.

But if we want to keep our precious freedom—if we want to avoid the clutches of dictatorship, whether of the Right or the Left—we've got to make up our minds that from now on we're *all* going to think *all* of the time.

No fuehrer can hope to succeed without at least several thousand mugs to carry out his orders.

It's all very simple. There can be no protection and no hope for democracy in laws against free speech. Democracy's one protection, its one hope, remains where it has always been—in the plain common sense of you and me and the man next door.

In peace, as in war, it all depends on us.

Ways and Means

IT ISN'T OFTEN I wish I were twenty again. It's a painful age to be. But the recent gift of the Rockefeller Foundation—£300 a year for three years to twelve promising young British writers—makes my mouth water.

I remember a period in my twenties when I was working twelve and thirteen hours a day as a garage-hand, and trying to write in my spare time. It seemed—and was—hopeless.

I once asked a literary agent how young writers got a start. He thought it over. Then said: "Well—most successful young writers have uncles."

Unfortunately, I hadn't. Or none who could afford to give me bed and board while I spent my time in writing. Nor did I show sufficient "promise" to attract any other help. So I had to contrive my own encouragements.

I studied the lives of the great writers. I discovered that England's H. G. Wells had been a shop-assistant; Russia's Maxim Gorki, a bakery worker; America's Theodore Dreiser, a laundryman. I had been all three, in my time. A proof, surely, that I was on the right road!

I found that quite a few of the great had got along nicely without rich uncles. No one had kept Wells, for example, while he was striving to defeat the threat of tuberculosis and to learn how to write his way to riches.

I studied the portraits of the great ones. I saw that both Doctor Johnson and Thackeray had thick lips. So had I.

I studied the ills of the great ones. Poets Byron and Henley both had bad feet. So had I. The implication was obvious—the finger of destiny unmistakable. . . .

Compared with a rich uncle, or a Rockefeller grant, I suppose all this looks pretty silly. But it served its turn for me.

the human machine

DON'T FREEZE

IF YOU WERE ASKED if you had allowed your mind to freeze, you would probably either be indignant or assume that your questioner wasn't all there.

But many people do allow their minds to freeze. Far too many people, in other words, are on familiar terms with the impossible.

You know the sort of thing: "You can't do that!" How do you know "you can't do that" unless you *are* on familiar terms with the impossible? How can you possibly know "you can't do it that way?"—another familiar and useless piece of advice.

The worst of an expert is that he always knows far too many things that "can't be done" and far too many ways that are "impossible;" and the worst of the world, from the expert's viewpoint, is that it contains far too many people who can do it in just that way!

We must keep an absolutely open mind if we are to get the best out of our lives, and if we are to make the most of them—not always the same thing. We must never be afraid to stick to an old idea if it is a better tool than a new one; we must never be afraid to scrap an old idea if a new one can help us to a freer, fuller, more useful life.

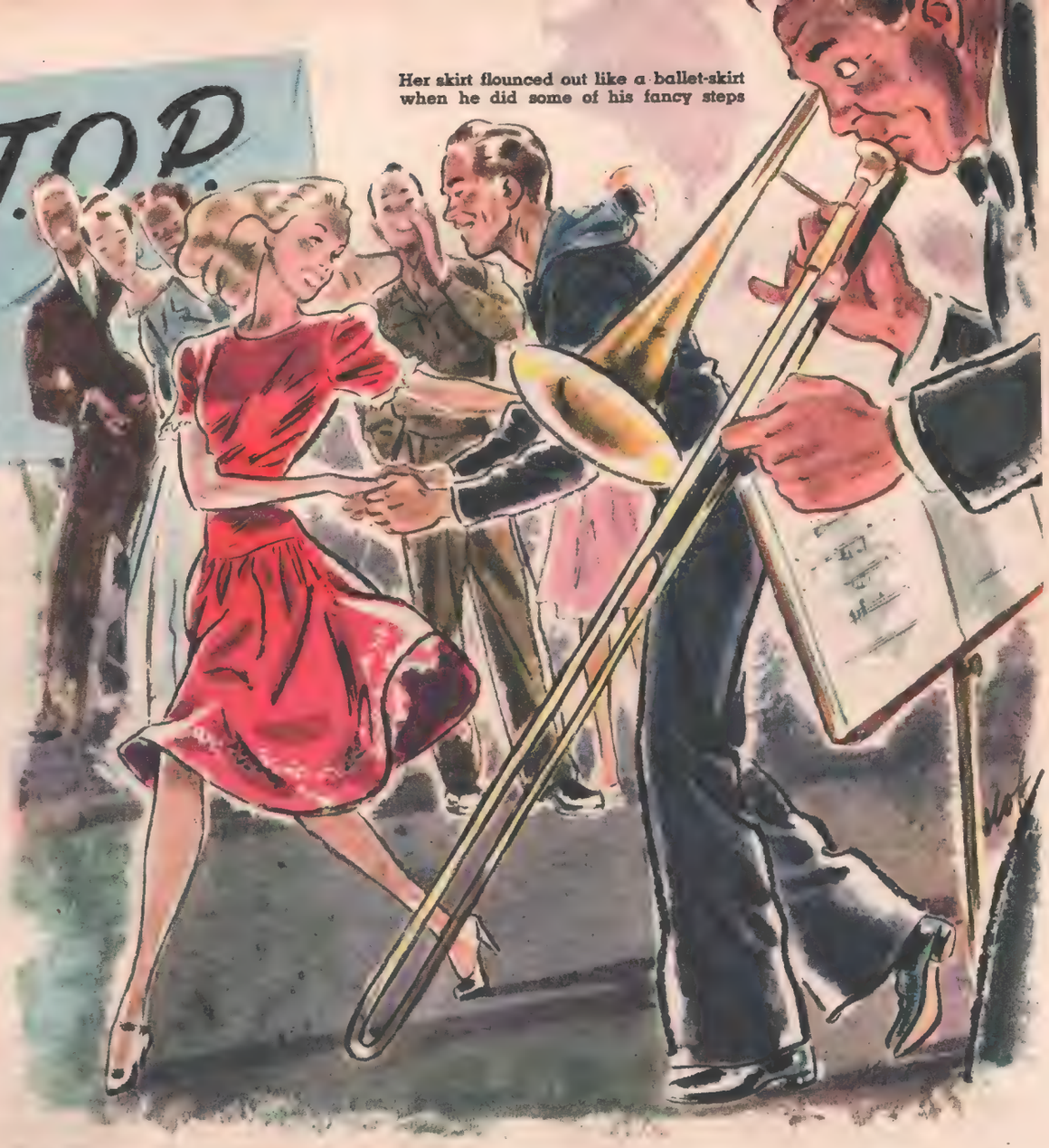
How are we to know? Well, that is just what is meant by "experience"; and it needs a cool and analytical mind to decide. It needs, in fact, an open mind; and if you allow your mind to freeze, how can you hope to keep it flexible?

Refusal to take any opinion for granted is the mind's anti-freeze mixture.

by Roffe Thompson

B.O.L.T.O.P.

by

NORAH RYOTT

Her skirt flounced out like a ballet-skirt when he did some of his fancy steps

Judging from the photos of Boltop's girl friends, you'd think he'd stay in the Navy for ever. But when a man settles down he needs a wife. It demanded all Boltop's resources to trap the girl he really wanted

BOLTOP NEVER HAD ANY LUCK with women. But it was not for want of trying; he picked up floosies like pieces of cigarette end and their photographs littered his bunk. His money usually ran out, though, before he hooked them.

It was like that with Boltop. He was quiet, he didn't talk a lot; but he wrote good letters and that goes a long way with women. You can talk your way so far into a woman's heart but it takes a letter to break down the last reserve. Boltop's letters were masterpieces; they had feeling.

Boltop was due for demobbing and it worried him a lot the kind of suit he was going to have, but it worried him more that he had no wife to go home to, someone waiting, as he put it, to play hell about his new suit. It was a wife's privilege to do that; everyone who got demobbed agreed that his wife had not liked his new suit but that she had come round in the end.

The day before we were due into port, Boltop went through his picture gallery. He tore up the foreigners because he decided he would probably never see them again so that it wasn't much good even looking at them.

There was a pretty good variety and the one he liked best had worked behind the scenes in a carpet shop in Tunis. She had her points and Boltop had been doing fine, but the Admiralty had no feeling and the ship moved out before Boltop got his carpet. It was a pity, for as Boltop said, you can't buy a carpet in England now for love nor money, and it was a good carpet.

Boltop had an eye for a good thing. He got away with an emerald in Alex; that made the skipper green with envy. Boltop was a bit of a craftsman and he made the emerald into a ring on the way home with a band of gold he'd picked up, a ring, as he said, you couldn't buy inside a shop today under a couple of hundred. It was tacitly understood that the ring was for Boltop's girl when he found her.

WHEN there was no doubt about which port we were going into, Boltop tore up the photographs of the girls in the other ports, leaving three belonging to the home port. Boltop was starboard watch and got ashore first. He took the photographs with him and he went to see the girls again, but they had all got married.

Boltop never got drunk—that was another good thing about him; you could always rely on him getting back—but he did get depressed, and the day the skipper handed him his release papers you would have thought he had got ninety days.

Boltop went out that night on his own to the local dance but he had no luck. There were a lot of ships in from the East. We had been moving about in northern waters the last few months and we had no oranges or bananas and you couldn't buy a pair of silk stockings on an iceberg, so that we were not good value for the girls. Boltop had a pair of nylon stockings tucked away but he was keeping those, as he said, until he was certain.

There were three of us getting demobbed so that we were company for Boltop on the way to the release centre, which was in another town. We had to change trains and Boltop was in the kind of state when he might do something desperate. We didn't want him to do anything rash, anything he might regret for the rest of his life. He was a good man and there are precious few of those about, but there are a lot of women and it pays you to take your time.

After all, as Boltop said quite reasonably, he wanted someone who would last him for the rest of his life. Boltop was like that, he was a once-and-forever man. No quick changes about Boltop, he had a steady heart; the M.O. had said he was one of the soundest men in the Navy.

The Navy had been pretty sorry to lose Boltop; the skipper had used a lot of pressure to make him stay on. A man with a conduct sheet as sweet and clean as Boltop's was just the Navy's cup of tea. Not that he didn't get into scraps, mind you, but he never got caught. And that takes a lot of technique and strength of character in His Majesty's Royal Navy, and Boltop joined in '39.

BUT Boltop had told the skipper his old man was getting on, not as lively as he used to be, and he wanted Boltop to help in the business. That was another thing Boltop had; he had a job and he would walk straight into the business as owner when his old man died.

Now, whatever women may say, most of them marry for security. They like to look ahead and plan and see that they are getting somewhere. You can't eye-wash women about security—they smell it out like a queue for fish.

Now, Boltop was as secure as a Bank of England note. Safer, in fact—there was no funny business about being nationalized in Boltop's job. His old man had a grocery business, best in the town, high class and all that, safe as houses used to be. No, as far as security went, Boltop had nothing to worry about. Even blondes went in for security although they might call it by other names.

Boltop talked very little in the train. He bought some pies. The woman who served him was old enough to be his grandmother so that he got back on to the train on time.

We were just moving out of the station when a suitcase came through the open window and a girl clutched wildly at the frame. Boltop had not been mentioned in dispatches for nothing; he took in the situation at once and hauled the girl on board.

We all looked the other way until she got herself put right. She had nice legs and we could see that this had not escaped Boltop; however, we made signals to him and he went and sat in his corner and pretended not to notice the girl. He actually went to sleep. He must have been very tired. It was unlike Boltop to do a thing like that.

The girl was a bit breathless with running. We put her suitcase on the rack

ILLUSTRATED BY HOF

and she thanked us. She had a nice kind face. It was not exactly beautiful but her hair was a knockout. She took her hat off and combed her hair; it was a sort of honey colour and it looked exactly like Ann Todd's.

We gave the girl a cigarette, at least, we offered her one, but she said she didn't smoke. Usually when a girl says she doesn't smoke, thank you, it really means she doesn't want to talk to you, so we left her alone.

Boltop went on sleeping and he must have had an intuition or something because he didn't snore. Boltop could be a great snorer. The girl looked at him sometimes when she pretended she was looking out of the window. Boltop was quite good-looking in a quiet sort of way. He had mousy hair but he kept it very smooth; he had a skin like a baby's and a nice clear-cut nose. He had a very fine nose, straight and thin, a very fine nose indeed. He said it belonged to his grandmother.

It got a bit monotonous no one talking and Boltop sleeping like a kid, all unaware, in the corner. Boltop always carried some toffee, he was a great man for sweets. We knew he had a couple of bars or so in his kitbag. We nudged him and asked him if he had any chocolate. He woke up and stretched and said he'd get it out of his kitbag. Then he saw the girl again. He hadn't seen her with her hat off.

He offered the girl a bar of chocolate and she took it. She had to talk then. Her voice was quiet and soft and she was perfectly natural. It was a pleasure to listen to her talk. She lived in the next town and she had just been demobbed from the ATS. That got us all talking but Boltop was heavy with sleep.

He must have been awake for nights worrying about getting a wife and the motion of the train was just too much. You could see the girl was disappointed about Boltop sleeping.

We drew up at the station with a jerk and that got Boltop awake. He was into his hat and coat in a flash. He was all ready to help the girl out and get her suitcase down from the rack. He offered to carry it for her and she let him do it. We didn't want to spoil the game, so between us we carried Boltop's kitbag.

As we went through the ticket barrier Boltop asked about our other connection. The ticket collector laughed. They never laugh as a rule so that we knew we had missed the train.

"Not another till four in the morning," he said cheerfully.

That sunk us. It was only nine o'clock. We had seven hours waiting time to put in.

"There's a hostel," the girl said, helpfully. "I know the woman who runs it. It's open all night and it caters for men and women. It's quite a comfortable place."

We trudged sadly out of the station. Boltop offered to see the girl home for something to do. He said he would meet us at the hostel.

It was quite a comfortable place, as the girl had said. It was cheerful, with green paint on the tables and chairs and red check curtains up at the windows. There was a fire, too, and we reckoned we could get our heads down in the armchairs if they would let us. We had some soup and bread and cheese. We waited quite a time.

Boltop came in after about three-quarters of an hour and the girl was with him. She had no hat on and she had changed her frock to a red one, a silk thing which fluted out from underneath her coat.

She had a word with the woman at the canteen and Boltop came over to us. He said he had asked the girl if there were a dance on anywhere and apparently it was the one night in the week when the bishop let such festivities disturb the calm of the cathedral town. Boltop had asked the girl if she would come along, too. As Boltop said casually it would help to put a bit of the night in.

When the girl smiled she really was beautiful. It livened up her face, and if she wasn't quite up to the Ann Todd standard she wasn't doing too badly. The girl led the way with Boltop, both with their hands in their own pockets, no chummy business. Boltop paid for the tickets, which was pretty decent of him, but we were determined not to let him out of our sight.

It was a nice friendly little hall with a goodish band. There were a lot of girls in long frocks and some standing about by themselves, so we did our stuff. Boltop was a good dancer; he got plenty of practice. He had a professional dancer for a girl friend once in Alex. A beauty she was, too. There were very few steps Boltop didn't know when we weighed anchor.

We all danced with the girl in turn and Boltop danced with quite a number of other girls. You could see his girl didn't like that—she kept him under observation all the time. She danced well, too, as though she enjoyed every minute of it and it was a pleasure to watch them together.

Boltop would make her dress flounce out like a ballet skirt when he did some of his fancy steps, twirling her round very fast and then stopping dead. People faded off the floor to watch him, and he and the girl were left by themselves. The girl followed him well; she was so much a part of the dance you hardly noticed her except the fair hair against Boltop's blue jersey. When they stopped people actually cheered and we clapped like mad.

The girl smiled up at Boltop and it melted your heart to see it. We decided Boltop would need a lot of looking after. He danced all the time with the girl after that—right up to the very last waltz. Even the band leader went up to him and thanked him. He said it had been a pleasure to play for him, and you don't find band leaders doing a thing like that very often.

It was almost midnight when the girl said she would have to go. Boltop put on his coat to see her home and called to us to say would we like to come out for the walk.

We would never have been so mean as to follow if he had not asked us. But there it was.

He and the girl went on ahead and this time she had her arm in his. It was a nice night, warm with a fresh breeze and the moon came out now and again from behind the clouds. You couldn't have wished for a better night. The girl was laughing as she went along on Boltop's arm and it did seem a pity that we had to catch a train when things were going so well.

We got to the house. It was dark and there was no light showing; the curtains were all drawn. Then the girl remembered she had forgotten to bring the key. We tried the front door. Boltop and the girl went round to the back, but the doors were all locked. There was no window on the ground floor open either. There had been a burglar scare a few weeks ago and her people were being extra careful.

There was nothing for it but to wake up her parents or try to climb up to her window, which was open. Boltop never hesitated—he went up the drain pipe as though he had been a cat burglar all his life. We watched anxiously as he felt his way along to the window and then we went back to the front door to wait until he opened it.

It should have taken him about three minutes at the outside to get downstairs. We waited, listening hard, for about ten minutes, and he never appeared.

The girl appeared to be getting restless and worried when the hall light went on and we heard a man's voice speaking on the phone.

The girl rattled the door handle and called: "Father." Then we suddenly heard the word "police." The father finished phoning and opened the front door. The girl shrieked at her father with fright and asked what had happened to Boltop.

Then we saw him. He was lying crumpled up at the top of the stairs. Well, before anyone could do any explaining, the police arrived. The girl burst into tears, which wasn't much help, but she did try to talk to the police. Her father kept saying, "Be quiet," and altogether there was a nice row, with the mother screaming for help upstairs.

We hadn't got a chance. The police thought the girl was being hysterical and they had Boltop carried out to the car, and handcuffs on us, in record time. Any explaining, they said sternly, could be done at the police station. The police are like that—quick off the mark or not at all.

It wasn't like Boltop to get caught. When he came to he told us he had got to the top of the stairs when "whang," he couldn't remember another thing. The father said in his statement he had hit Boltop over the head with a full aluminium hot water bottle, which is enough to knock anyone out. Boltop hadn't a chance.

The police had caught us, as it were, red handed, except that we were not in possession of any valuables. They could not understand that and they searched us pretty thoroughly. Boltop did not know the girl's name, which made us look a little weak, and then we remembered the woman at the canteen. She would vouch for us. She had seen us all go out together.

We told the police, and they said we would have to stay in jug until the woman could be questioned and brought to identify us.

It could turn into a very nasty situation, we thought; in fact, it might. It all depended if the woman would play. Boltop had a lump on his head and his nose started to bleed.

We waited a good two hours and the police were not very sociable. Boltop would keep trying to sing, "Don't fence me in" which, in the circumstances, was asking for more trouble. Nobody mentioned the girl. It all went to show how unlucky Boltop was about women.

Then the woman from the canteen rushed in shouting: "Poor things, poor things."

She was horrified when she saw Boltop's nose and she gave the police a piece of her mind which was very gratifying to us. We did think the girl's father might have rung up and ironed the situation out, but fathers take a lot of convincing and the girl was

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

ONCE UPON A TIME, a Young Man read in a paper that hotel keepers from ten nations had met in London and formed a new hotel organization, with Sir Francis Towle as president.

"Well now, isn't that nice," thought the Young Man. The reason he thought this was that he had just come out of the Army and had got a job which took him travelling all over the country.

"I hope they start quickly," he thought, "because from now on I shall be spending most of my nights in hotels."

But the Young Man's job must have started too soon, because his first night away from home was very unlucky. He landed in a small town and tried every hotel, but they all said "No!" in tones which sounded like Mr. Churchill refusing to join the Communist Party. So the Young Man slept on an uncomfortable seat in the railway station waiting-room.

On the second day, the Young Man reached the next town early and went straight to the best hotel. To his surprise they had a room, so he reserved it and went about his business.

He returned at 7 p.m. and went to his room. He pressed the electric light switch, but no light came because there wasn't a bulb.

So he went downstairs again and found the manager, who first accused the Young Man of stealing the bulb and then said he hadn't got a spare one, so he would have to use a candle which would mean a deposit of £1 in case he knocked it over and burnt something.

The Young Man went to his room again and was pleased to see by the light of the candle that it had a basin with running water, h. and c. He soon found, however, that the c. wasn't running, and the h. was c. He had a wash in the cold h., and afterwards the water wouldn't run away because the pipe was stopped up.

"Food is what I want," thought the Young Man, as he went downstairs again. But the dining-room was closed, and the manager said they never served food after 6 p.m. and what did he think they were, a night club?

So the Young Man went out into the town and at last found some food and then went to a cinema.

He returned to the hotel at 10.30 p.m. and found the whole place locked up and in darkness. He rang the bell but it didn't work. He banged and banged on the door, but there was no result because the night porter went to bed at 10 p.m. and anyway was stone deaf.

The Young Man thought he might get in by the back entrance, and he was just climbing over the gates when a policeman came along and arrested him. He spent that night in a cell, but at least it was more comfortable than the railway station waiting-room.

The next day, the Young Man sent a telegram to the hotel organization which he had read about in the paper, saying, "Throw in the Towle," and then drew out his gratuity and bought a caravan.

probably locked in her room by that time.

The woman from the canteen took us with her and gave us all a steaming cup of coffee and some hot buttered toast, and an Army driver with a Bedford truck gave us all a lift to the station. The Army can be helpful when it likes.

Boltop told us in the train that he had left his address with the woman in the canteen in case anything turned up, and we knew he was thinking of the girl. Boltop did have the damnedest luck.

ANOTHER evening like the last one, cutting out police formalities, and we came to the conclusion Boltop would have been a married man. The way that girl had smiled up at him! It was the sort of smile that made you glad you were a man.

Boltop didn't seem as put out as you might expect after the kind of night we had had; he was more cheerful than he had been for a long time. It took the whole day to get demobbed. Boltop chose a neat, grey pin-striped flannel suit. He looked really good in his suit. The men who fitted us out were very pleased with Boltop; he was just the right size and shape for everything.

When the pubs opened we had our last fling, nothing out of the ordinary, mind you, just beer, bottoms up and good luck all round. It was sad saying goodbye to a lot of pals you had knocked around with for months.

Boltop never gets drunk but he does get sentimental. He called for a pen, a piece of paper and an envelope. That was an easy one; it was about the easiest thing the pub had ever been asked to produce. Boltop clutched the paper and cleared everyone away from the table in the corner.

He started writing. We knew he was writing to the girl. Boltop has a certain expression on his face when he writes to girls; you can always tell with Boltop.

As he said, the girl would be worried about how we had got on and he would just like to put her mind at rest and tell her we had got demobbed and we didn't bear her any ill will over the cop episode. He told her quite a lot more than that, but it wasn't one of his more extravagant letters so we let him alone.

THE barmaid read the letter out and said she would be glad to get a letter like that, but what was the girl's real name. Boltop had begun, "Dear Goldilocks." That pulled Boltop up short. He couldn't remember the name; in fact, he decided he never had known the name. We thought it was Duncan or Douglas, but to tell you the truth, we were in such a flap when the police read out the statement we hadn't taken anything in.

Boltop said very seriously, like a mayor reading out a proclamation, that that decided the issue. He would deliver the note himself, and he added a PS. asking the girl to meet him at the hostel if she would like to go out dancing. We had a feeling Boltop had been acting a bit and that he had always intended to go back and see the girl.

We saw him off at the station and Boltop promised faithfully to keep in touch. But it wasn't until a couple of months later that we got a note from him. It was crisp and to the point: "Wife approves new suit!"

It wasn't until long after they were married that he heard it was B.O.L.T.O.P. at the end of his letter that had actually done the trick. It's the Navy way of saying, "Better on Lips than on Paper." Boltop always put it at the end of his letters; that was how he got his name. Better on lips than on paper! That was old Boltop. And that was saying quite a lot because his letters were full of feeling.

"He has become the Doctor Johnson of the twentieth century"

WE'LL BUY THAT DREAM

J. B. Priestley started off with a sandwich and a dream. He ate the sandwich but kept the dream and it grew into a powerful vision of human liberty for the whole world

by VINCENT BROME

THE GAWKY YOUTH walking down Bradford's main street at high noon of a summer's day looked shabby and disillusioned to the casual eye. He was hungry and possessed only a few shillings in the world. Yet something sang in his mind which refused to be touched by the drab streets, hunger, or any other trifling trouble of the everyday world. And not even a lunch of nut sandwich—price 3d. to the needy—could quite silence that song, although nut sandwich sat on the stomach like uncooked dough.

For this young man was borne up by a secret dream. He carried it round with him every day. In the bath, at the office, in the streets, it was always there, waiting. It never, in fact, quite left him.

Inspiring Horse-sense

And one day half the dream came true. He wrote poems at first, and two or three were published. Then came the essays, and a few discerning people noticed. Finally, he sat down and wrote a book of 270,000 words long, a giant of a novel which was called *The Good Companions*, and made him £16,000 in the first year of its sales.

James Boynton Priestley. The man who had the common touch but marked it out with magic. The sturdy Yorkshireman who talked horse sense and made it sound inspiring.

According to his enemies, pompous, aggressive and sentimental, and by common consent amongst his friends, balanced, kindly, and full of understanding. But behind it all, and at the very core, a pedlar of dreams, a man with a vision and a gift for vivid, flowing words.

Another volume in the long stream of books by Priestley has just appeared. It is called *The Secret Dream* (Turnstile Press, 2s.), and the title of the book makes the link with his early days clear. This is the other half of Priestley's dream.

He has reached the high places of literature today. He has heaped up the laurels for books and plays. He has become the Dr. Johnson of the twentieth century. And now he is close on the trail of the second half of his dream, and this time it is not personal to himself, but general to every one of us.

His new book talks first of liberty—"the greasiest card in the whole well-worn political pack. At first glance there looks to be no more of a secret dream about all this than there is about the Cup Final at Wembley. . . ."

But Priestley has seen brands of liberty with no more resemblance to the real thing than secret police have to democracy.

"During the miserable thirties I visited several of the depressed areas and saw the listless and grey-faced men. Now these men enjoyed in theory the most wonderful liberty, but as Nature cares nothing for outworn political theory these men had gradually taken on the very look of prisoners."

No, this wasn't liberty.

On the other hand, simply by giving men work and wages, you still have not given them liberty. Then what is this liberty, what is the real thing which lies hidden behind the shams? Priestley answers the question with a burst of warm and lovely writing:

"It is where there is nothing between us and the sun and the stars that we want to grow and expand, to be tremendously ourselves, with no ministry or committee to tell us how to behave and what to feel, with all the politicians out of sight and out of mind. It is our dream. And it is a secret dream because what will happen there, where the weather in the soul meets the weather in the sky, is personal to each one of us. . . . And most of us feel that the vast and complicated paraphernalia of contemporary life, all the . . . ministries and conferences and committees, exist to serve, to nourish, to guard, to create opportunities for these moments of pure liberty, this fulfilment of the dream, which may be just a family sitting round a fire, two lovers whispering in the dark, a man staying up to finish a pipe. . . ."

What a gift Priestley has for touching the emotions without becoming cheap, for hovering on the verge of sentimentality and never falling over.

And what a clear vision he has, too, of the dangers and pitfalls which lie ahead. We now have a Socialist Government in power in Britain. "This is not, as some bewildered Tories imagine, because so many people here are ready to abandon the idea of liberty. It is because these people perceived, probably intuitively, that the State must now be called in to preserve the idea of liberty. Nothing smaller and less powerful could guard the precious dream, could create the opportunities to enjoy what we mean by liberty . . . the flowering and expression of individuality. . . ."

Freedom for Mr. Jones

But we must watch our every step, we must make sure that the machine does not overwhelm its makers, until the forms and the licences and the committees have reduced Jones, Smith, and all the rest, to so many symbols on a set of production sheets. And we must ask now for something else as well, something which Priestley puts this way:

"Nothing could be more British than the Labour Party, that is, on its own political level, but it is significant that we cannot associate any style of life with it. . . . I like this Government, but I implore its Ministers to risk turning the whole place upside down rather than to dress their very minds in black coats and striped trousers and to work hard to keep Britain safe, drab and spiritless. . . ."

It is important that everyone should read this book. It succeeds in stirring those instinctive feelings for a freer, sweeter, altogether more bountiful way of life—"A dark curtain is pulled away from the window; a door is opened—we taste the sweet air again. . . ."

Nor does the book stop there. In the end it becomes a plea for closer understanding between Britain, America and Russia. Each country has its secret dream. Priestley sees the British dream as a dream of real liberty, the American a dream of real equality, and the Russian of real fraternity. The three need fusing—urgently.

Free Speech

WAY TO STAMP OUT STEALING

Pay for the potter. When the working man bets. How to waste bread. Nice to get up in the morning. Help to start food growing. New use for soap. Snobbery in Government offices. Sacked for being right

STEALING IS TODAY a major industry. Where one thief is punished, scores of receivers escape. This is mainly, I believe, because the charge is that they have received so-and-so "*knowing* it to have been stolen or unlawfully obtained."

Magistrates are not easily convinced of guilt with this wording—hence the smirks and smiles of guilty men as they walk out of court after acquittal. After fifty-five years of daily court experience as a reporter, I am convinced that if a charge could be framed to catch those "reasonably suspected" of receiving, the prisons would soon be filled with the worst racketeers.—B. WOODMAN, 19 Edridge Road, Croydon, Surrey.

Off the Record

WILD WESTERNERS used to notch the butts of their six-shooters whenever they had a new victim. Here's the 1946 version: girls in an office I know notch their pencils for every fresh "flame." I have seen one specimen with

"Conquest of suitors"

eight notches. It represents the conquest of suitors ranging from a Polish airman to a mere Englishman.—B. DUNN, 214 Moseley Road, Bilston, Staffs.

In the Potteries

PROBABLY SOME OF YOUR READERS are proud of their choice pieces of china, cherished carefully in their cabinets. Here is the reward I get for helping to make these things. . . .

After a full week's work, £3 15s., less 2s. stoppages, less 4s. tax. This leaves the grand sum of £3 9s. to take home. I have 9s. a week pocket money, which means I cannot afford a pint at the weekend. I am paid trade union rates. — C. F., Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. (Name and address enclosed.)

Those Little Flutters

PROFESSIONAL SPORTSMEN can play for money. The gentry can bet in comfort; those in the middle classes have only to ring their bookmakers to have a flutter.

The working man breaks the law whenever he has his ready-money bet.—J. WALKER, 129 Somerfield Road, Bloxwich, Walsall, Staffs.

Daily Bread

LUNCHING IN AN HOTEL RESTAURANT, I saw the waitress put a big roll on every plate. I asked her why, in view of the bread shortage.

She said that if she did not put them out customers would seldom ask for them—"so they would be wasted anyway."—BRYAN LUCAS, 15 Greta Terrace, Sunderland.

Banned from Kitchen

WHILE HE WAS IN THE ARMY my husband often wrote to tell me of his abilities at domestic work. He had learned so much from fatigues. Now that he is demobilized I have found just how much he has learned.

He argues that I am too finicky and that if a floor is wet, it is washed. If he can see the surface of the furniture, he reckons it is dusted.

I have now chased him from my kitchen and wonder what the fuss was about over spit and polish in the Army. —MRS. K. GORDON, 1 Pine View Hale Crescent, Heath End, Aldershot.

Rise and Shine

CAN ANYONE TELL ME how to get up in the morning? Some people seem to be able to wake at any time they like. I can't.

Even after being called, I go on dozing and cannot drag myself out until the last possible moment. The result is that I am always late, feel terrible and look worse.

I am not lazy, and lack of will-power doesn't seem to explain it. I've plenty of that for other things—even to giving up smoking—but will-power just doesn't seem to function when it is time to get up.—L. R. M., Beaufort Street, S.W.3.

Part-time Parents

AN ADVERTISEMENT in a shop window in Southampton seems a grand idea to me. . . . "Engage a 'sitter' to look after house and children while you have an evening out. Ninepence an hour. Saturdays and Sundays included."—W. H. J., Thornhill, Southampton.

Finance for Food

ON MY TRAVELS I SEE, enviously, many idle acres that could help to put us beyond any danger of food shortage. I would be prepared to take over several hundred acres and grow potatoes or anything else—if I could only get some financial help to start.

I am a disabled ex-Serviceman, skilled in farming, and with experience of big-scale market gardening in America and Canada. I need help to rent some land, buy seed and hire machinery.

But do you think I can get any assistance? I tried all last season, but it was like banging my head against a brick wall. I shall have to get out to Canada. Initiative does not seem to count here.—A. W. HEALING, 6 Henderson Row, Edinburgh 3.

Soccer is "Not Cricket"

WHY IS THE GROWING preference of the public schools for rugby football summed up in a heading in your columns as "rugger snobbery"? Having learned the game at Bedford, I was able to enjoy it in the Navy where officers and men compete for places in the Senior Service side.

Rugby football demands physical qualities and a team spirit which soccer does not need. It is a gentleman's game because only a gentleman can play it in the true spirit. But that has nothing whatever to do with social status.—REAR-ADMIRAL A. C. RANSOM, C.B.E., Ilsham Road, Torquay, Devon.

Lather Lines

IT HAS RECENTLY come out that, during the war, some American soldiers wanted to play one of their special ball games on a football ground in Exeter.

They had no lime to mark out the ground with whitewash—so they used soap-flakes.

Exeter housewives wonder whether this is not one of the war stories that would have been better untold.—J. L. B., Exeter. (Name and address enclosed.)

"Educationally Suitable"

ONE feels sorry for Government chiefs who have to type their own letters because shorthand typists are so scarce. At least, one feels sorry until it is realized that the root of the trouble is still snobbery.

Temporary shorthand typists in the Civil Service cannot become permanently established unless they are "educationally suitable." However efficient a secretary may be, she may remain "temporary" just because she went to the wrong school. The Labour Government, strangely enough, is still suffering from this sort of snobbery.—F. DAVE TAYLOR, Wick Lane, Christchurch, Hampshire.

Sunk Sink

I LIVE IN AN OLD-FASHIONED house, and if the builder knew what I had called him from time to time he would never rest in his grave. The sink is 22 in. high, and as I am 5 ft. 6 in., I go into the shape of a question mark

"Shape of a question mark"

every time I wash up. There must be thousands of these "torture" sinks in the country. They are a point to remember when new houses are designed. —IRENE M. LLOYD, Sheffield.

Word—Out of Place

NO WONDER farm workers are behind everyone else over wages and conditions. A little time ago I argued with my boss that a worker is entitled to full pay when he is off sick. He found I was right.

Soon after, he gave me the sack, saying he was afraid I should trip him up over legal points and unsettle his other workers. — FARMHAND, Lincolnshire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Shadow on Childhood

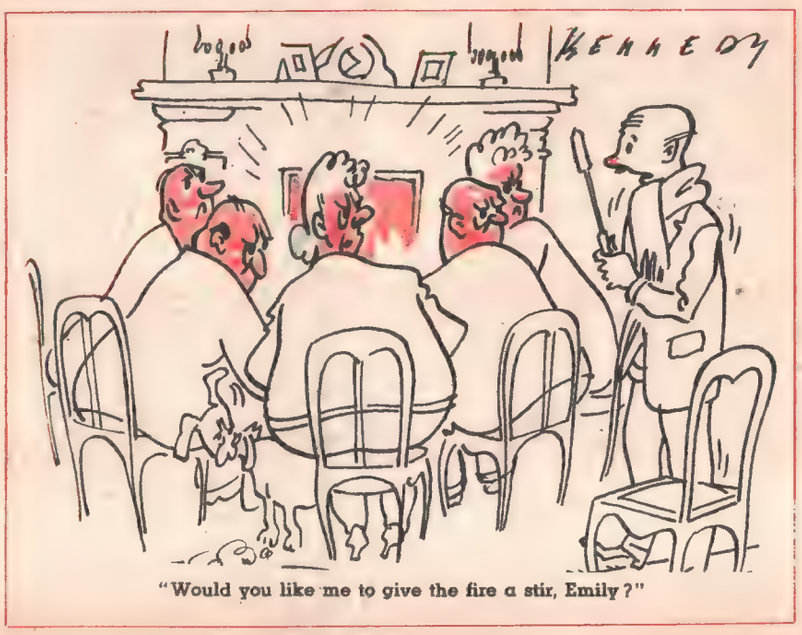
EARLY CHILDHOOD is becoming overcast with the thought of the entrance examination to a secondary school which comes at eleven years of age. Failure, which must be common as places in the schools are few, gives a child a serious sense of inferiority.

This could be avoided by the multilateral school to which all children would go at eleven. Here they would be sorted out and given the type of tuition best suited to them.

The "late developers" would be allowed to change courses later. — TEACHER, Crewe, Cheshire.

"Casrbournem"

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE G.P.O. This morning I received a letter posted the day before in Surrey. The typist had addressed it to "Casrbournem" instead of Eastbourne, but the Post Office sorters were not beaten. Incidentally, the letter came from a tutorial college!—MRS. B. BARNARD, 57a Langley Road, Eastbourne, Sussex.



"Would you like me to give the fire a stir, Emily?"

LETTERS *intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for each reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

PLANNING A HOME-MADE HARVEST

by CONNERY CHAPPELL

Gardeners will have to forgo that herbaceous border a little longer. We still need food, and here's a plan for streamlined spring sowing that brings maximum yield from the smallest plot

NO FLOWERS by request. Or hardly any. That seems to sum up the spring outlook in the garden this year. We may all hanker after hollyhocks, but before we can indulge in herbaceous borders we must do our bit in the food situation.

So, for one more year at least, the vegetable patch must have first priority.

Now, so far, it has been a bad year for really serious gardeners, and a nice, comfortable one for lazy ones. Personally, that suits me. The blizzards of late February and early March prevented the do-or-die brigade from getting the usual flying start. Why, at the time of first sowing most of us could not have got in a seed without a pneumatic drill.

So the lazy gardeners who leave things until the last minute are not so far behind as usual.

Well, this is the month for the spring gardening offensive, and it is high time we got out a notebook and planned the layout of the food patch.

Here, just as a general guide, is my cropping plan for a five-rod vegetable patch—roughly 25 feet by 55.

Remember, it is too late now to go in for the earliest things, like parsnips, first peas, shallots, and the like. They should have gone in long ago. No, the thing to do is to plan for main crops.

I have assumed, of course, that the ground was dug and manured—or composted—last autumn.

Big Stuff Outside

Well, first of all we need to plant our big stuff on the outside, to act as a windbreak for tomatoes. So at one end I have sketched two rows of runner beans, put down five feet apart and staked six feet high. Some of the new white runners give better crops than the old scarlet flower, but I like to play for safety, and my favourite variety is Prizewinner.

We cannot sow runners in mid-April, of course, but we can dig out two trenches for them, sprinkle bonemeal and compost at the bottom of them, put the top spit back, and have the earth all ready for the sowing later. Between the rows a line of quick-growing spinach will come in useful.

At the other end I suggest two rows of Indian corn. Magnificent stuff. It should be in every garden—in the south, at any rate. A good variety, if you can get it, is John Innes Hybrid, but it takes some finding. Plant next month.

That looks after the two ends. Next to the corn I suggest digging out a hole six feet square and two or three feet deep, and using it as a compost pit. In a row with the compost we can have a seed bed, salad bed, a clump or two of rhubarb—for next year—or an outdoor marrow and cucumber bed.

Never despise a salad bed. We all grow too much salad at once. When the lettuce are ready there are so many that they go bad before we can eat them. The thing is to sow a few and keep at it.

Next comes the peas. And now is the time for us to sow the first row, a really juicy marrowfat like Alderman, a five-footer—if we can get it. In a fortnight sow a second row, say of Continuity, two feet away.

The space in between will produce catch crops.

Right. Next on the list are the onions. It's getting late, and they won't compare with the ones sown by the hardy people back in January. But we can still get a good crop—if we don't treat them like sardines. I like to put a trickle of soot all the way along the line as soon as I have sown it. It keeps the fly off. Variety? Ailsa Craig is a beauty.

Now the dullest job in all gardening, surely, is growing cabbages. Unless it's growing brussels. Brassicas are a dreary lot, but we will be glad of them in winter.

For our three cabbage rows let's try and pick Improved Winningstadt, Improved Nonpareil, and Christmas Drumhead, in that order of sowing. Winningstadt is very tight, and fine for eating raw. Drumhead always tastes *fresh*.

For brussels we might try Rearguard or Matchless and get them going in the seed bed. They will weigh in after the cabbages.

Next we come to the carrots, which present no problems until the flies get at them. We could sow the rows for succession, but it isn't really necessary. Is the soil light? If so, we are lucky, for carrots are not clay-lovers. Let us try to get Matchless for a thinnish soil, Long Red for a really strong one.

I know a man who runs a bit of string like a telegraph wire all the way along his carrot rows, about three inches off the ground. He dips it in creosote and he swears it keeps the flies away. In the part of Middlesex where I live nothing but a sawn-off shot-gun would keep carrot fly off, so I just cover the tops with earth and a little soot as soon as the plants get established, and I hope for the best. The flies always win.

Selecting the right sort of beet for our patch depends solely on the state of the soil. If we are lucky, and have fenland soil, we can sow varieties like Blood Red, which grows about a foot long.

On stony land, or in heavy clay, it is better by far to keep to the round-rooted beets which grow on top of the soil. I go for Globe or Crimson Ball.

How many potatoes should we lift from our six rows? I estimate that we should top two and a half hundredweights, which will be very useful.

Except in the far north it would be wasteful to try for "earlies" as late as mid-April. Better concentrate on the maincroppers with the big yields.

In growing potatoes it is silly to save a shilling by buying inferior tubers. It is equally silly to crowd.

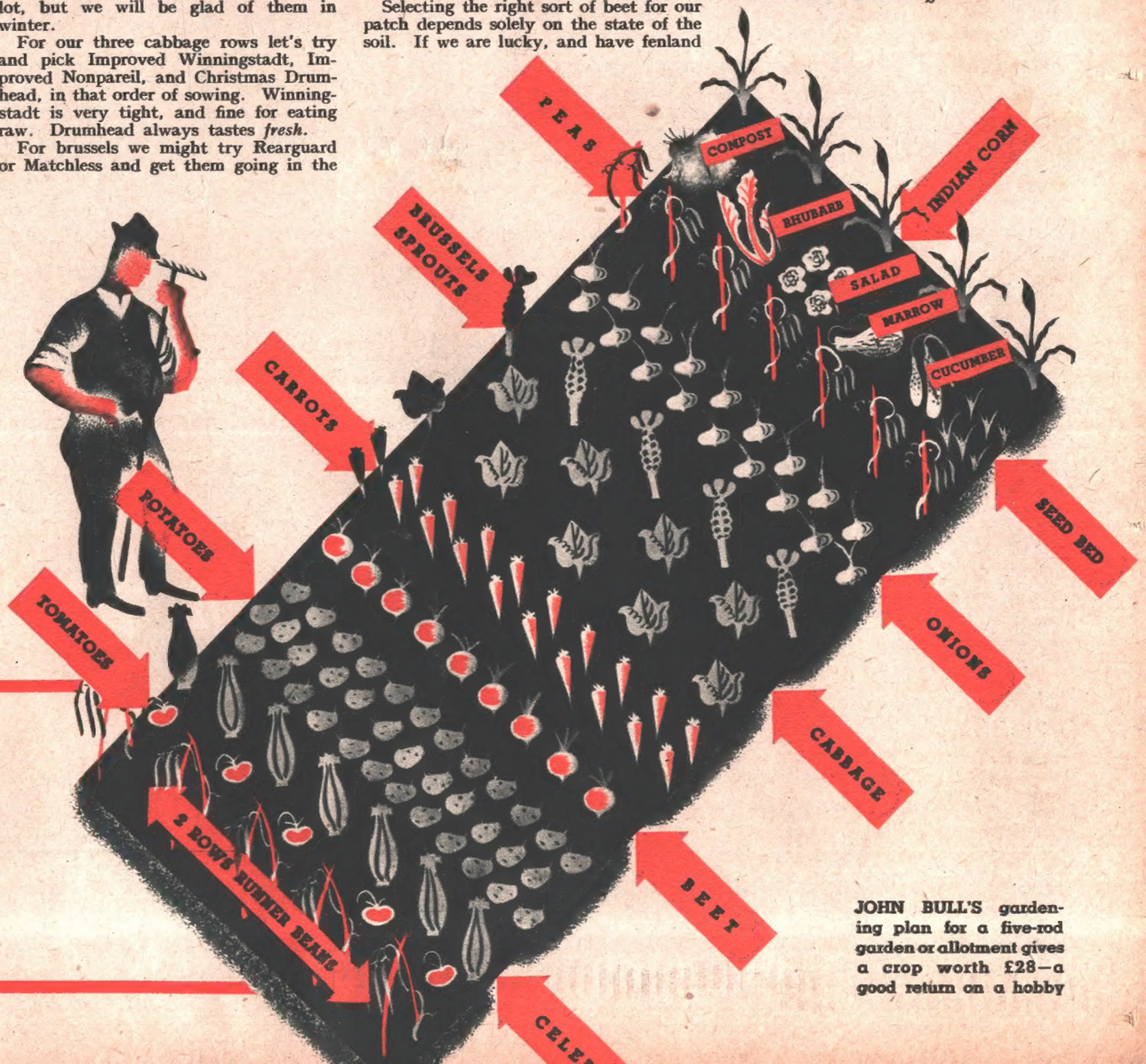
The Odds and Ends

We are coming to the odds and ends. Celery? By all means, but it will mean buying the plants; too late for seed now unless we have a hotbed. Never buy a plant with a swollen brown leaf; the celery fly has got at it, and the pest takes a lot of removing.

The banks at the side of the celery trench will grow all the radishes you could need. Remember, we cannot plant out the celery for another month.

Tomatoes cannot be planted outdoors until the end of May, but the ground can be prepared for them. We can get five pounds a plant easily.

That is the vegetable patch. I have worked out the notes—and estimate that the retail cost of the crop we will lift would be not less than £28.



JOHN BULL'S gardening plan for a five-rod garden or allotment gives a crop worth £28—a good return on a hobby

FREE WEEKS at the Seaside!

Sun-bathing on the sands, lazing by the bandstand, rambling along the cliffs, going to the pierrots—these and all the other fun of the seaside can be yours this summer. Your *Bullets* coupon below provides the way to the holiday of your lifetime, with *John Bull* as your host.

Continuing our campaign providing 200 readers with free Seaside Holidays this summer, we announce this week the second batch of winners of big cheques and Free Holiday Weeks for Two. Now seize *your* opportunity to capture a fine Cash-plus-Holiday prize. Start now on your *Bullets* and be sure you post them by Monday, April 15.

HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,520

FIRST PRIZE, £250 and Holiday: J. Boyd, 87 Gould Street, Ayr, Scotland: **Bad Egg—So Wife "Goes Short."** SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: T. Martin, 35 Cowby Road, Wyken, Coventry: **Man Who Made Good—Should Remember "The Struggling."** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Holiday: Mrs. E. Carter, "Crendahr," Holt Road, Cromer: **Always Trapping—Humanity's Fingers, Utopia's Gate.** FOURTH PRIZE, £20 and Holiday: Mrs. K. M. Finnegan, 60 Botanic Road, Dublin: **In Life's Spring-time—"Different Slant" On Hills.** FIFTH PRIZE, £15 and Holiday: Mrs. E. Graham, 59 Ivy Avenue, Deneside, Seaham: **Always One—Move Ahead, "Immovable" Joe.**

£10 WINNERS: J. Boyd, 5 Abbotsford Street, Dundee: **Man Who Made Good—Had Breaks? Yes** *Heartbreaks!* J. S. Evans, 35a Taff Street, Pontypridd: **Strange As It Seems—"Cease Fire"** *Started* **"Sniping."** W. F. Ingram, 9 Sandown Road, Southampton: **To Stop The Warmongers—"Halting"** *Words* **Won't Suffice.** G. H. Milburn, 10 Dora Crescent, Workington: **To Stop The Novices—Seconds Threw** *Buckets* **In!** J. Moss, 15 The Green, Calne: **Holiday For Pessimist—Complete—Home** *Was* **Burgled!** H. E. Pickard, 8 Gordon Street, Keighley: **Fighting Mad—Henpeck—Rolled Sleeves** *Down!* Mrs. D. G. Rees, 5 Vernon House, Vernon Square, Ryde: **Tighten Your Belt And—Slog—Scrape—Save—***Smile!* P/O E. Yalden, H.M.S. "Easton," c/o G.P.O. London: **Scared Dad—Baby Slept All Night!**

Cash has been posted to 50 winners of £1 and 1,000 of 2s 6d.

"BULLETS" CHEQUES and SEASIDE WEEKS

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Cash for 1,063 Readers.

£250 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; £20 plus Holiday; £15 plus Holiday; 8 Holiday Cheques each £10; 50 of £1; 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

Note.—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cooks Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

WORLD WE WANT
COME WHAT MAY
COMRADE STALIN
MOVING MOUNTAINS
BARK OF THE BULLDOG
TALKING ABOUT HOLIDAYS
HEART OF GOLD
TO AVOID WASTE
IN THE PINK
HASN'T CHANGED MUCH
IN ADVERSITY'S SCHOOL
IT'S A SHAME, BUT
COURTESY CAMPAIGN
HENPECK'S SECRET
JEALOUSLY GUARDED

A BIT FISHY
PUTTING IT ON
BAMBOOZLED
TEN TO ONE
LIKE A MAD BULL

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions.

LOST IN.....
AUSTERITY.....
PLEASURE TO.....
.....SYSTEM
IF.....PERMITS
WITH NO.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,524 (or XWORD 476); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

For Victory Offer "Bulletin" (April 27) enclose 2½d. std. add. envelope

1,524 Closing Postmark, MON., APRIL 15.

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

RULES. 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated May 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 472 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Will. 2, Bolts. 4, Pep. 7, Safe or Same. 8, Drunk. 9, Set. 12, Pin. 13, Ledger. DOWN: 1, Wives. 3, Slack. 5, Lodge. 6, Cases. 9, Slap. 10, Heir. 11, Log.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: W. Brown, 144 Rock Road, Booterstown, Co. Dublin.

Runners-up Awards (value £25 cash) shared between 29 entrants. Winner and Runners-up receive 4 lb. Easter Cake in addition.

XWORD CASH AND CAKES

Up to 100 big 4 lb. Fruit Cakes for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 5s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Cakes—£100 First and £25 Cash for Runners-up.

Post your Square below by Monday, April 15.

Across Clues.

1. Quarry can give rise to really dangerous one
3. Nut-crackers are something like these
6. You might perhaps get this when sea fishing
8. Young composer is delighted with his this composition
9. Such a man has more than average intelligence
11. May not be found so clear and digestible as one likes
12. This in the attic may cause damage to ceiling

Down Clues.

1. You shouldn't hang on to these
2. Teacher struggling with heavy syllabus is likely to do this
4. There's considerable risk attached to boarding one
5. People are bound together by common this
7. Sometimes splits under pressure
8. May be regarded as a warning when shot
9. This may be only part payment
10. Is occasionally done because of drive

1C	H	A	2S		■	3J	A	■	S
A	A	■	■	■	4B	A	N	■	L
R	A	B	I	■	■	■	A	5G	A
■	■	6S	P	7R	A	■	■	U	P
S	P	A	■	O	T	■	H	I	■
■	L	■	■	■	■	8S	O	L	■
9Q	U	■	C	K	■	■	■	■	■
U	S	■	R	■	A	Y	E	■	10
■	■	11P	O	■	T	■	A	G	O
12D	■	M	P	476	S	C	R	U	B

How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated April 27. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper set of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., APRIL 15. **476**

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Expert advice, free of charge, is part of JOHN BULL's service to its readers. If you have a problem, let our team of experts help you

Wife's Furniture

"WHEN A WIFE leaves her husband, is she entitled to take the furniture that she bought with her own money when they married?"

✔ The wife may dispose of all articles of her own as she wishes. She cannot claim things bought out of housekeeping money provided by her husband.

Increased Rent

"BOMBS DESTROYED my house in 1941 and the district council put me into a flat, the rent of which is 24s. a month more than I paid before. Now I have received notice that there is to be a further increase of 32s. a month.

"What will happen if I refuse to pay the demanded increase?"

✔ The council has powers to charge the standard rent of the house, and, unless you agree to pay this, you may be compelled to quit.

In cases of hardship, however, councils have power to adjust the rents of requisitioned houses to conform with the rent paid in the evacuated premises.

Claim on Estate

"MY SISTER AND I are beneficiaries under a will made by a friend. During the war we have been storing the friend's furniture in our house. Can we claim expenses for this from the estate?"

✔ Unless you had an agreement with the friend whose furniture you stored, you would be unable to claim for the storing. If a charge was agreed upon, this would rank as a debt against the whole estate.

Seeing a Will

"FOR THIRTY-EIGHT years I worked for the same employer, and he always told me he would leave me something in his will. Now he has died, but his sisters tell me I am not mentioned. Is there any way in which I can see the will?"

✔ Send particulars of the will and a search fee of 2s. 6d. to the Principal, Probate Registry, Llandudno, North Wales.

When the will is found, you will be informed of the cost of a copy. This depends partly upon its length, but is usually quite small.

Dental Treatment

"MY DENTIST is not on the National Health list, but as I have not had any medical attention for the last ten years I am wondering whether I could obtain a grant from National Health Insurance through my approved society. Is there such a scheme?"

✔ A grant for dental treatment can only be obtained from National Health Insurance if your approved society allows dental treatment as an additional benefit. You should apply to your society without delay. Don't wait until the treatment has been completed.

Coal Shares

"AS HOLDER OF A NUMBER of coal shares, I am anxious to know what the Government proposes to do with such shares when the industry becomes nationalized."

✔ The colliery companies will receive Government stock as compensation, and they will apportion it among the shareholders according to their holdings.

Motor Business

"DURING OVER FIVE YEARS in the Services most of my time was spent working on motor vehicles. Now I am a civilian again I should like to carry on with the same kind of work as a business.

"It will be necessary for me to have a small van. What type of licence shall I need?"

✔ A licence does not appear to be necessary for the kind of business you propose starting. You will require a "C" licence for a van if it is to be used solely for the purpose of your business.

You should get into touch with your county council for further details.

British While Here

"HOW LONG IS IT NECESSARY for an Irishman to reside in this country before he can become naturalized?"

✔ A subject of Eire is regarded as a British subject when he is in this country. He would not therefore need to be naturalized.

War Damage

"BEFORE THE WAR I owned three cottages and an old farmhouse. I lived in the farmhouse and let the cottages for a total rent of £1 7s. 3d. a week. In 1944 a flying bomb made all the buildings uninhabitable and I have received no rents.

"Now the War Damage Commission has offered me £200 in settlement of my claim. They reckon the pre-war value of the property as £700 and the present value as £500, and are offering the difference. I have not accepted."

✔ If you can supply evidence that the value of your property in 1939 was more than £700, your assessment may be revised. You can get a form on which to appeal against the valuation from the district valuer. Unfortunately there is no compensation for loss of business or rent.

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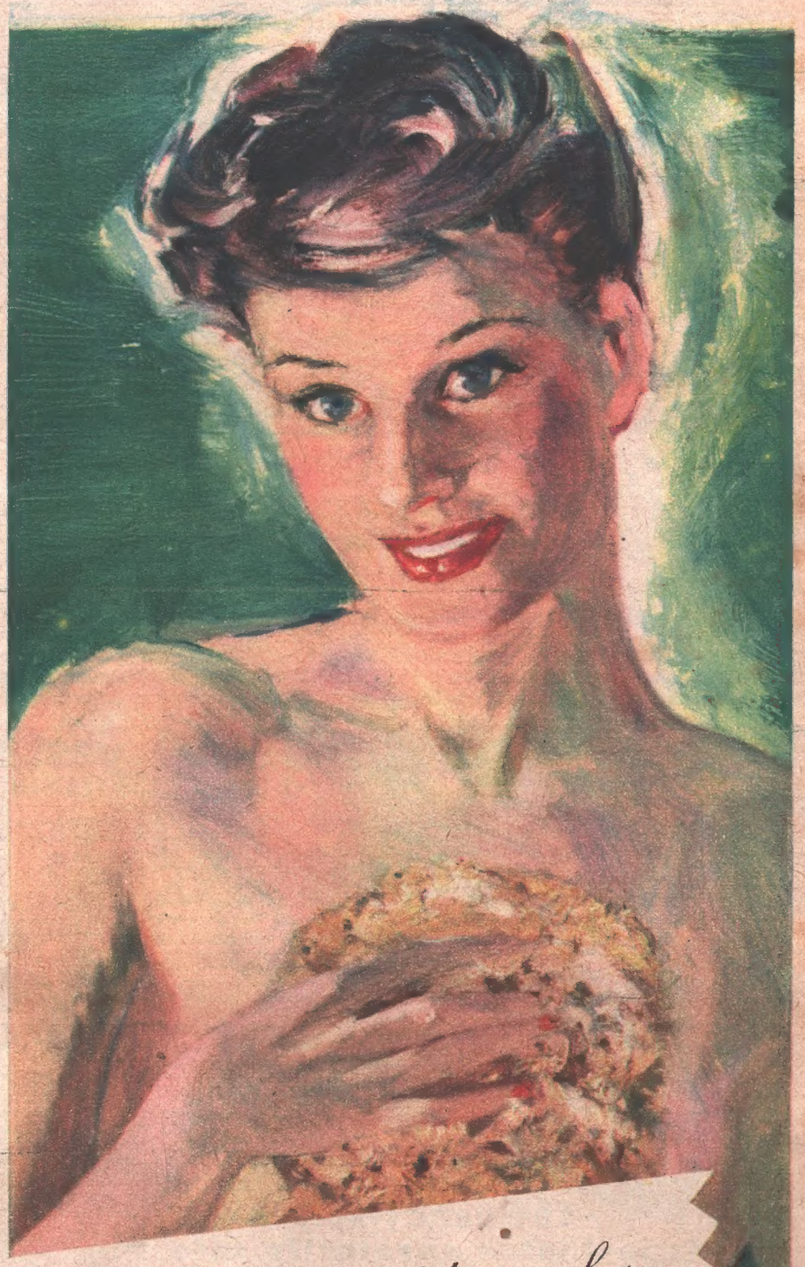

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